## PSALMS

AND mo fuliais

### HYMNS

FOR 03440 ee 18

### DIVINE WORSHIP.

Ediled by michael Sope, and

Ps A L M xlvii. 7. xcv. 2. Sing ye Praises with Understanding.

Let us come before his Presence with Thanksgiving, and make a joyful Noise unto him with Psalms.

COLOSSIANS iii. 16.

- In Pfalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.

Ruown as Topes Gollection

Printed for J. WAUGH, in Lombard-street; J. WARD, in Cornhill; J. BUCKLAND, at the Buck, T. Long-MAN, at the Ship, W. FENNER, at the Angel and Bible, in Pater-noster-Row; and E. DILLY, in the Poultry. M. DCC. LX.

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### To the READER.

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N the Year 1757 was published it was reprinted, with some Alterations and Additions, for the particular Use of a very considerable Congregation †. The Perusal of those Performances gave rise to this Undertaking, and it was judged proper to enlarge the Plan.

The Psalms and Hymns, now added, are mostly selected from the same Authors, with several never before

<sup>\*</sup> Printed for J. Noon, J. WAUGH, in LONDON.
A. Tozer, in Exeter.

<sup>+</sup> Printed for T. CADELL, in BRISTOL.

fore printed. Such Alterations are made as seemed necessary, and due Regard paid to what the excellent and pious Dr. WATCS hath inserted in the Preface to his Book of HYMNS.

The contentious and diftinguish-" ing Words of Sects and Parties are fecluded, that whole Affemblies es" might affift at the Harmony, and " different Churches join in the same "Worship without Offence; it be-80" ing most agreable, that what is or provided for public Singing should e give to fincere Consciences as little Disturbance as possible." Blets God, my Soul, thou Hard alone 11-27 Blefs thou the Lord my Soul; his Name 136 Bleft are the Souls that hear and know 121 164 Blest are the undefited in Heart Bleft are the Sons of Fearer, 22, years and Bleft 1760.

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| The Lord my Shepherd is  The Man is ever bleft  2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| The spacious Firmament on high                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Think, mighty God, on feeble Man                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| This is the Day the Lord hath made 103                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| This spacious Earth is all the Lord's                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Thou art my Portion, O my God 165                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Thou, Lord, by strictest Search hast                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| known an chattern country of the oni?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Thy Mercies fill the Earth, O 10                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Thy Mercies, Lord, shall be my son 322.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| nedW . Iny                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |

# A Mable to the PS Allem S.

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| Thy Mercy, Lord, to me extend boo mad V73                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Thy Works of Glory, mighty Bord ned 148 Tho wicked Men grow rich or great ned W19                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Tho' wicked Men grow rich or great nen Vio                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life of V18                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Thre' ev'ry Age, eternal God Iladi end 199                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Tis by thy Strength the Mountains stand 81                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| To bless thy chosen Race nell and ob vdW85                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| To God I cry'd with mournful Voice vid Vos                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| To God, in whom I truft wo lym lis thi W33                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| To God my grateful Soul alcends in 111/178                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| o tron the great, the ever pietr                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| To God whose Care I've ever been 176                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| To God with mournful Voice 1949 Att 1214                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| To God your grateful Voices raise 2 di W26                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| To thee, O Lord, my Cries afcend on 213                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Twas from thy Hand, my God, I came 206                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| TO STORY DIDOYY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| The state of the s |
| Up to the Hills I lift mine Eves 177                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Up to the Hills I lift mine Eyes 177                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Upward I lift mine Eyes                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| The Saints and Servaniws the Lord 29                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| TTTE blefs the Lord, the just the good 86                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| We love thee, Lord, and we adore 40                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| What shall I render to my God                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| When Christ to Judgment shall descend 68                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| When Ifrael freed from Pharaoh's Hand 157.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| When I fract fins, the Lord reproves. 119 When I with pleafing Wonder ftand 211                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| When God is nigh, my Faith is strong 13                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| When God provok'd with daring Crimes 149                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| When                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| truch.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |

### A Wable toother PS ALMS.

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| Page                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Page                       |
| When God geyeal'd his gracious Name                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 187                        |
| When the great Judge supreme and just                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | THE LOSS OF                |
| When us to feek thy glorious Face Where that the Man be found                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 149                        |
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| Why doth the Lord stand off so far                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 193                        |
| Why do the Men of Malice rage                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 113                        |
| Why should I vex my Soul                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 58                         |
| E With all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 204                        |
| 8-With my whole Heart I'll raile my Song                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                            |
| With my whole Heart I've fought thy Fac                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                            |
| With one Consent let all the Earth With Reverence let the Saints appear                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 131                        |
| With Songs and Honours founding loud                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 197                        |
| Who shall ascend thy heav'nly Place                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 224<br>12                  |
| Who shall inhabit in thy Hill                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Ti.                        |
| Would you behold the Works of God"                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 147                        |
| and the second of the converse of the second                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                            |
| or are are sty Woods, along his Lords, 242                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | ELE LO                     |
| E boundless Realms of Joy                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 29                         |
| Ye Islands of the Northern Sea                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 53                         |
| Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 105                        |
| Ye Servants of th' almighty King                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 29<br>156                  |
| Ye Tribes of Adam join                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 226                        |
| Ye that delight to serve the Lord                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 155                        |
| Ye that obey the immortal King and which                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 197                        |
| Then I freel trop Follows a state of                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | T.W.                       |
| ****************                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | -                          |
| Then I with pleafing Wooder france of the control o | W                          |
| CONTRACTOR VIII AND IN 27 HOLL AND IN                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON. |
| Then God provok'd with daring Crimes 14                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | A. T.                      |

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## To be corrected in the PSALMS. OT

PAGE 23. line 15. read Hand. 36. l. 24. r. Heav'ns. 56. l. 20. r. Long Metre. 85. last line r. shalt.

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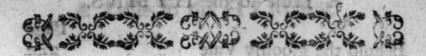
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To find any HYMN by the first Line.

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### P S A L M S

FOR

#### DIVINE WORSHIP.

<del></del><u></u>

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

T

HOW bleft is he who ne'er confents
By ill Advice to walk,
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits
Where Men profanely talk!

But makes the perfect Law of God His Bus'ness and Delight; Devoutly reads therein by Day, And meditates by Night.

Like some fair Tree, which, sed by Streams, With timely Fruit does bend,

B

He

He still shall sourish, and Success All his Defigns attend. Special Silvers Special

Ungodly Men, and their Attempts, No lasting Root shall find; Untimely blafted, and difpers'd, Like Chaff before the Wind.

Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb, Before their Judge's Face; No formal Hypocrite shall then Amongst the Saints have Place.

For God approves the just Man's Ways, To Happiness they tend; But Sinners, and the Paths they tread, Shall both in Ruin end,

### Short Metre.

Registrons go

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

HE Man is ever bleft Who shuns the Sinner's Ways, Among their Counsels never stands, Nor takes the Scorner's Place.

But makes the Law of God His Study and Delight, A'midst the Labours of the Day. And Watches of the Night. Ш

He like a Tree shall thrive, With Waters near the Root; Fresh as the Leaf his Name shall live, His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

Not fo th' ungodly Race, They no fuch Bleffings find; Their Hopes shall flee like empty Chaff Before the driving Wind.

How will they bear to ftand Before that Judgment-Seat, Where all the Saints, at Christ's Right-Hand, In full Affembly meet? a or and an ivil

He knows, and he approves The Way the Rightenus go; But Sinners and their Works shall meet A dreadful Overthrow.

#### I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

N. G. to the Book Lebevalls Nan TAPPY the Man whose cautious Feet, Shun the broad Way that Sinners go; Who hates the Place where Atheifts meet, And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

all is hit would Harroga around T the U. He loves t'imploy his Morning-Light A Amongal the Statutes of the Lord; And spends the wakeful Hours of Night, With Pleasure pond'ring o'er the Word.

erlungels know,

He, like a Plant by gentle Streams, Shall flourish in immortal Green; And Heav'n will shine with kindest Beams On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

enVL ark and deep

But Sinners find their Counsels crost. As Chaff before the Tempest slies; So shall their Hopes be blown and lost, When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies. aVic Souls adore.

In vain the Rebel feeks to stand In Judgment with the pious Race; The dreadful Judge, with stern Command, Divides him to a different Place.

.IVends his Eas

" Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,

"I bleft the Path, and drew it plain;

" But you would chuse the crooked Road,

" And down it leads to Grief and Pain."

II. Common Metre. A Psalm before Prayer.

OING to the Lord Jehovah's Name, And in his Strength rejoice; When his Salvation is our Theme, Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight, And Pfalms of Honour fing; The Lord's a God of boundless Might, The whole Creation's King.

#### III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know, How mean their Natures feem. Those Gods on high, and Gods below, When once compar'd with Him. Work his Windsortz

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep, Lies in his spacious Hand; He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep, And where the Hills must stand. ... a the laft Trumpy faak

Come, and with humble Souls adore, Come, kneel before his Face; O may the Creatures of his Power.

Be Children of his Grace! es hun to a diffeni Place

Now is the Time, he bends his Ear. And waits for your Request; Come, left he rouze his Wrath, and fwear, " Ye fhall not fee my Reft."

> II. Short Metre. A Pfalm before Sermon.

or about it moved to G

Plaine Ito

OME, found his Praise abroad, And Hymns of Glory fing; Jehovah is the fovereign God, The univerfal King. nous vide aid and all Lived be our Mi

He form'd the Deeps unknown, He gave the Seas their Bound; The wat'ry Worlds are all his own, And all the folid Ground.

B 3 10 1. 1. W.

#### III.

Come, worship at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his Works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his Word.

To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious God.

But if your Ears refuse

The Language of his Grace,

And Hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,

That unbelieving Race;

VI.

The Lord, in Vengeance dreft,
Will lift his Hand, and swear,
"You that despite my promis'd Rest,
Shall have no Portion there."

II. Long Metre.

A Warning to delaying Sinners.

OM E, let our Voices join to raise A facred Song of folemn Praise; God is a sovereign King; rehearse His Honour in exalted Verse.

Come, let our Souls address the Lord, Who fram'd our Natures by his Word; He is our Shepherd, we the Sheep His mercy chose, his Pastures keep.

III.

#### To Hills World Vist

Come, let us hear his Voice to day, we come? The Counfels of his Hoveobeyyod ... Ome Nor let our hard ned Heartslrene with a sew of the Sins and Plagues that I frael knew ... H

Look back, my Soul, with holy Dreads of And view those ancient Rebels dead; 10% Attend the offer'd Grace to day, said smooth Nor lose the Blessings by Delay, two back

And march to Zion's heavenly Gates; de l'Believe, and take the promisid Reft, H bell Obey, and be for ever bleft.

III. First Part. Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares it's Maker God;
And all his ftarry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

The Darkness and the Light
Still keep their Course the same;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

In every different Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;

They shew the Wonders of his Hand, And Orders of his Throne.

IV.

Ye British Lands rejoice!

Here he reveals his Word;

We are not left to Nature's Voice

To bid us know the Lord.

His Statutes and Commands
Are fet before our Eyes;
He put his Gospel in our Hands,

Where our Salvation lies.

VI. O. N. W. Wasan bnA

His Laws are just and pure,
His Truth without Deceit;
His Promises for ever sure,
And his Rewards are great.

III. Second Part. - Short Metre.

God's Word most excellent.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;
His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner Light;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

How perfect is thy Word,
And all thy Judgments just;
For ever fure thy Promise, Lord,
And Men securely trust.

IV. The State of

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But tread the Path to Heav'n!

And Michels and David very Pause. Boy Hold and rule

Reveals thy Julies anythe Chr.

I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, left I stray.

VI.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet with a bold prefumptuous Mind
I would not dare transgress.

VII.

Warn me of ev'ry Sin,
Forgive my secret Faults,
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

While with my Heart and Tongue I spread thy Praise abroad; Accept the Worship, and the Song, My Saviour and my God. III. Long Metre.
The Glory and Success of the Gospel.

L

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord, In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines; But when our Eyes behold thy Word, We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

H.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light, And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess; But the bleft Volume thou hast writ, Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

ПІ.

Sun, Moon, and Stars convey thy Praise Round the whole Earth, and never stand; So when thy Truth begun its Race, It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

IV

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the World thy Truth has run;
Till Christ has all the Nations blest,
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

Thy noblest Wonders here we view In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n; Lord, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew, And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n. IV. Com-

#### IV. Common Metre.

Duties to God and Man; or the Qualifications of a Christian.

min shock I bug see should show

I.

HO shall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holiness?

Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with right'ous Hands;
That trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.

He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor slanders with his Tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

IV.

The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,
Still he performs his Word.

His Hands disdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor;
This Man shall dwell with God on Earth,
And find his Heaven secure.

Me loves his I member, and

to the that cirredning to his bace;

#### IV. Long Metre.

Duties to God and Man; or the Qualifications of a Christian.

I.

W HO shall ascend thy heav'nly Place, Great God, and dwell before thy Face? The Man that minds Religion now, And humbly walks with God below.

II.

Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean, Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean; No Standers dwell upon his Tongue; He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

Scarce will he trust an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt;
Sinners of State he can despise,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.

IV.

Firm to his Word he ever stood, And always makes his Promise good; Nor dares to change the Thing he swears, Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.

V.

He never deals in bribing Gold, And mourns that Justice should be sold; While others gripe and grind the Poor, Sweet Charity attends his Door.

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his Face;

And

And doth to all Men still the same.

That he would hope or wish from them.

### V. Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of a Resurrection.

T.

WHEN God is nigh, my Faith is strong, His Arm is my almighty Prop; Be glad my Heart, rejoice my Tongue, My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

II.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head, Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave My Soul for ever with the Dead, Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

III.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey, Shake off the Dust, and rise on high; Then shalt thou lead the wond rous Way Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

IV.

There Streams of endless Pleasure flow; And full Discov'ries of thy Grace, Which we but tasted here below, Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

VI. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

I.

L ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove; My Faith, my Patience, and my Love; When

When Men of Spite against me join, They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

Their Hope and Portion lie below; 'Tis all the Happiness they know; 'Tis all they feek; they take their Shares, And leave the rest among their Heirs.

What Sinners value I refign; Lord, 'tis enough if thou art mine : I shall behold thy blissful Face, And ftand compleat in Right'oufness.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show, But the bright World to which I go, Hath Joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find thee there?

O glorious Hour! O bleft Abode! I shall be near, and like my God! And Flesh and Sin no more controul The facred Pleasures of the Soul.

My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground. Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound; Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprize, And in my Saviour's Likeness rise.

VII. Long Metre. The Presence of God our Joy and Support.

S the good Shepherd gently leads, His wand'ring Flocks to verdant Meads, Where Where peaceful Rivers, fost and slow, Amidst the flow'ry Landscapes flow.

So God, the Guardian of my Soul,
Does all my erring Steps controul;
When loft in Sin's perplexing Maze,
He leads me back to Virtue's Ways.

III.

Tho' I should journey thro' the Plains, Where Death in all its Horror reigns; My stedfast Heart no Ill shall fear, For Thou, O Lord, art with me there. IV.

By Thee with Peace and Plenty blest,
My Life is one continued Feast;
Thy ever-watchful Providence
Is my Support and my Defence.

O bounteous God, my future Days
Shall be devoted to thy Praise!
And in thy House thy sacred Name,
And wond'rous Grace shall be my Theme.

VIII. Long Metre.

The Majesty and Glory of God.

Do thou, my Soul, in facred Lays, Attempt the great Creator's Praise; But, O what Tongue can speak his Fame! What mortal Verse can reach the Theme!

Enthron'd amidst the radiant Spheres, He Glory like a Garment wears;

And

And boundless Wisdom, Power and Grace, Command our Awe, transcend our Praise.

Before his Throne a glitt'ring Band
Of Seraphim and Angels stand;
Etherial Spirits, who in Flight
Outwing the active Rays of Light.

To God all Nature owes its Birth,
He form'd this pond'rous Globe of Earth;
He rais'd the glorious Arch on high,
And floor'd it with the azure Sky.

In all our Maker's grand Designs,
Omnipotence and Wisdom shines;
His Works thro' all this, wond'rous Frame,
Bear the great Impress of his Name.

Rais'd on Devotion's lofty Wing,
Do thou, my Soul, his Glories fing;
And let his Praise imploy thy Tongue,
'Till list'ning Worlds applaud the Song.

IX. Common Metre.

God's stupendous Goodness to feeble Man.

OGOD to whom all Creatures bow, Within this earthly Frame! Thro' all the World how great art thou! How glorious is thy Name!

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are fung, Nor fully reckon'd there;

And

And yet thou mak'st the infant Tongue Thy boundless Praise declare.

HI.

Thro' thee the weak confound the strong, And crush their haughty Foes; And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng Which Thee and Thine oppose.

When Heaven, thy beauteous Work on high, Imploys my wond'ring Sight, The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky, With Stars of feebler Light.

V.

What's Man, O Lord, that thus thou lov'st To keep him in thy Mind! Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st To him so wond'rous kind!

Him next in Power thou didst create To thy celestial Train;

Ordain'd with Dignity and State, O'er all thy Works to reign.

VII.

O God to whom all Creatures bow, Within this earthly Frame; Thro' all the World how great art thou! How glorious is thy Name!

X. Common Metre. God the Creator praised.

LET all the Just to God with Joy Their chearful Voices raise; For well the Righteous it becomes, To fing glad Songs of Praise.

By his almighty Word at first
The heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light,
At his Command appear'd.

The swelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-house safe,
His wat'ry Treasures by.

Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For, when he spake the Word, twas made,
'Twas fixt at his Command.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever fure;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend,
Since we for all we want, or wish,
On thee alone depend:

XI. Common Metre.

Encouragement to trust in, and love God.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life, In Trouble and in Joy, The Praises of my God shall still,
My Heart and Tongue imploy.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boaft,
'Till all that are diffrest,
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Griefs to reft.

Makeshis Commandanty chief Delight,

The Hosts of God encamp around
The Dwellings of the Just;
Protection he affords to all,
Who on his Succour trust.

IV.

O make but Trial of his Love!

Experience will decide,

How bleft are they, and only they,

Who in his Truth confide.

V.

Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
Your Wants shall be his Care.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
The Lord will Food provide,
For fuch as put their Trust in him,
And see their Needs supply'd.

XII. As the exill Pfalm.

Prosperous Vice not to be envied, or feared.

THO' wicked Men grow rich or great, Yet let not their successful State Thy Anger or thy Envy raise:

For

For they cut down like tender Grass, Or like young Flowers away shall pass, Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

II.

Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land shall stay,
Secure from Danger and from Want:
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy well weigh'd Wishes grant.

In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord, And he will needful Help afford

And he will needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry just Design:
And make, like Light serene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to shine.
IV.

With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor let thine Anger weakly rife:
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Success the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.

God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their only Saseguard is the Lord,
Their Strength, in Time of Need, is he:
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely Succour send,
And from the Wicked set him free.

XIII. Short Metre.

A penitential Psalm.

L

HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou art ever kind;
Let me, opprest with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.

11.

Wash off my foul Offence, And cleanse me from my Sin; For I confess my Crime, and see How great my Guilt has been.

III.

Make me to hear with Joy
Thy kind forgiving Voice;
That so the Bones which thou hast broke,
May with fresh Strength rejoice.

Blot out my crying Sin,
Nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
An upright Mind renew.

The Joy thy Favour gives, Let me again obtain;

And thy free Spirit's firm Support My fainting Soul fustain,

So'I thy wond'rous Grace
To Sinners will declare;
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell.

How rich thy Mercies are.

XIV. Long

## XIV. Long Metre.

Triumph in God's supreme Dominion?

THY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song, My Song on them shall ever dwell; To Ages yet unborn my Tongue Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.

Lord God of Armies who can boast Of Strength or Power like thine renown'd? Of such a num'rous faithful Host, As that which does thy Throne surround?

Thou dost the lawless Sea control, And change the Prospect of the Deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll, Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.

For thy stupendous Truth and Love, Both Heaven and Earth just Praises owe; By Choirs of Angels sung above, And by assembled Saints below.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear Thy facred Gospel's joyful Sound; With Praises in thy Courts appear, And there are with thy Goodness crown'd.

ach the distribute

### XV. Long Metre.

Homage due to the almighty Sovereign.

T.

O Loud Thanks to our almighty King; For we our Voices high should raise, When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

11.

[Into his Presence let us haste, To thank him for his Favours past; To him address, in joyful Songs, The Praise that to his Name belongs.]

For God, the Lord, inthron'd in State, Is with unrival'd Glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom Gods the Heathen falsely call.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hands, Her secret Wealth at his Command; The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies Subjected to his Empire lies.

The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss,
By the same sovereign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty Hand,
That form'd, and fix'd the solid Land.

He is our God, our Shepherd he, His Flock and Pasture-Sheep are we; Come then, and like his Flock, draw near, To day his Voice attentive hear.

XVI.

### XVI. As the xcvi. Pfalm.

Joy in God's Supreme Government.

I.

Sing to the Lord a new made Song;
Let Earth in one affembled Throng,
The common Patron's Praise resound.
Sing to the Lord and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
Who us hath with Salvation crown'd.

[To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse, His Wonders to the Universe.]

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd, In Majesty and Glory rais'd Above all other Deities:

For Pageantry and Idols all

Are they whom Gods the Heathen call,

He only rules who made the Skies.
[With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.]

\_ 111

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns, Whose Power the Universe sustains,

And banish'd Justice will restore: Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess, And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,

Its loud Applause the Ocean roar.
[Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.]

# XVII. Long Metre.

The Majesty of God appearing in Defence of his People.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth In his just Government rejoice; Let all the Isles with facred Mirth, In his Applause unite their Voice.

11

Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade His dazzling Glory shrowd in State; Justice and Truth his Guards are made, And fixt by his Pavilion wait.

III.

Devouring Fire before his Face His Foes around with Vengeance strook; His Light'nings set the World on blaze, Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

IV.

The proudest Hills his Presence felt, Their Height nor Strength could Help afford; The proudest Hills like Wax did melt, In Presence of th' almighty Lord.

Counfounded be their impious Hosts, Who make the Gods to whom they pray; All who of Pageant Idols boast, To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

You who to serve this Lord aspire, Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem;

C

He'll keep his Servants Souls entire, And them from wicked Hands redeem.

XVIII. Long Metre. Divine Goodness adored.

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I.

Y Soul inspir'd with facred Love, God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful Thanks express.

II.

'Tis he who all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickness makes thee found;
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd,

The Lord abounds with tender Love, And unexampled Acts of Grace; His waken'd Wrath doth flowly move, His willing Mercy flies apace.

IV.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
Delights his Punishments to guide
More by his Love than our Desert.

As high as Heaven its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay,
So much his boundless Grace transcends
The small Respects which we can pay.

Let every Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my Heart,
With

With grateful Joy thy Thanks express, And in this Confort bear thy Part.

XIX. Long Metre.

A Pfalm of Praise.

I.

BLESS God, my Soul, thou Lord alone, Possesses Empire without Bounds; With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne Eternal Majesty surrounds.

11.

With Light thou dost thyself enrobe, And Glory for a Garment take; Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe, Thy Canopy of State to make.

Ш

God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind, His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill, To have their fundry Tasks assign'd; All joy to serve their Sovereign's Will.

V.

How various, Lord, thy Works are found, For which thy Wisdom we adore; The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd, Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

In praising God, while he prolongs My Breath, I will that Breath imploy;

And

And join Devotion to my Song, Sincere as is in him my Joy.

XX. Long Metre.

The final Prosperity and Happiness of the Righteous.

I.

O RENDER Thanks to God above, The Fountain of eternal Love; Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past Has stood, and shall for ever last.

II

Who can his mighty Deeds express, Not only vast but numberless? What mortal Eloquence can raise His Tribute of immortal Praise?

III.

Happy are they, and only they, Who from thy Judgments never stray; Who know what's right, nor only so, But always practise what they know.

IV.

O may I worthy prove to fee
Thy Saints in full Prosperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine!
V.

Let Israel's God be ever blest,
His Name eternally confest;
Let all his Saints with full Accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

XXI. Proper

XXI. As the exitt. Pfalm.
The Majesty and Condescension of God.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record;
His facred Name for ever blefs;
Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or seting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are;
With him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare,

Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view,
In highest Heav'n, what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care;
He takes the needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

XXII. As the CXLVIII. Pfalm.

Praise to God, from the whole Creation.

YE boundless Realms of Joy, Exalt your Maker's Fame; His Praise your Song imploy Above the starry Frame:

C 3

Your

Your Voices raise
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To fing his Praise.

II.

Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night, And Sun, that guid'st the Day Ye glittering Stars of Light, To him your Homage pay:

His Praise declare, Ye Heavens above, And Clouds that move In liquid Air.

III

Let them adore the Lord, And praise his holy Name, By whose almighty Word They all from nothing came:

And all shall last,
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever fast.

IV

Let all of royal Birth, And those of humble Frame; And Judges of the Earth, His matchless Fame proclaim:

Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And misty Air,
And Winds that where
He bids them blow.

rest d Agary Frence:

V

United Zeal be shewn,
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise:

Earth's utmost Ends
His Power obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.

XXIII. Common Metre. The Greatness of God.

I

ONG as I live I'll bles thy Name,
My King, my God of Love;
My Work and Joy shall be the fame
In the bright World above.

Great is the Lord, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praise be great;
I'll fing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

II

Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my facred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.

Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations found thy Praise.

C 4

V.

Thy glorious Deeds of antient Date Shall thro' the World be known;
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State,
With public Splendor shown.

VI.

The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thy eternal Kingdom stands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

XXIV. Common Metre. The Goodness of God.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines to His Goodness to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines, I And every Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait, and On thee for daily Food;
Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat, and fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!

How slow thine Anger moves!

But soon he sends his pard'ning Word,

To cheer the Souls he loves.

Creatures, with all their endless Race, Thy Power and Praise proclaim; But Saints, that tafte thy richer Grace, Delight to bless thy Name.

XXV. Short Metre. Trust in God, and bis Direction implored.

O God, in whom I truft. . I lift my Heart and Voice; O let me not be put to Shame, Nor let my Foes rejoice!

To me thy Truth impart, and away on T And lead me in thy Way For thou art he that brings me Help, On thee I wait all Day.

Thy Mercies, and thy Love, O Lord, recall to Mind, And graciously continue still, As thou wert ever kind. Salvation the

Let all my youthful Crimes Be blotted out by thee, And, for thy wond'rous Goodness Sake, In Mercy think on me.

His Mercy and his Truth, The right'ous Lord displays, In bringing wand'ring Sinners home, And teaching them his Ways.

VI.

He those in Justice guides,
Who his Direction seek;
And in his facred Paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

XXVI. Common Metre.
The Christian's Joy.

I.

A L L ye that love the Lord rejoice.

And let your Songs be new;

Amidst the Church with chearful Voice,

His later Wonders shew.

II.

The Jews, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer fing;
And Gentile Nations join the Praise,
While Sion owns her King.

III.

The Lord takes Pleasure in the Just, Whom Sinners treat with Scorn; The Meek, that lie despis'd in Dust, Salvation shall adorn.

IV.

Saints should be joyful in their King, E'en on a dying Bed; And like the Souls in Glory sing, For God shall raise the Dead.

٧.

When Christ his Judgment-Seat ascends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

XXVII.

# XXVH. Common Metre! Work A Song of Praise.

hill one is the roll

'N God's own House pronounce his Praise, His Grace he there reveals ; (1) of 3112 To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raife, For there his Glory dwells. And working in that

Let all your facred Passions move, While you rehearfe his Deeds ; 12 your C But the great Work of faving Love Your highest Praise exceeds. Tovachill And plain before in haven

All that have Motion, Life, and Breath, Proclaim your Maker bleft; Yet when my Voice expires in Death, My Soul shall praise him best. With Paveur as a S

> Common Metre. XXVIII. For the Lord's - Day Morning.

ORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear My Voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my Pray'r, To thee lift up mine Eye. 150 bal

Up to the Hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his Saints, and share ! Presenting at his Father's Throne, Our Songs and our Complaints.

#### III.

Thou art a God before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right-Hand.

IV.

But to thy House will I resort,

To taste thy Mercies there;

I will frequent thy holy Court,

And worship in thy Fear.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In ways of Righteoufness!

Make every path of Duty strait, and moy And plain before my Face:

VI.

The Men that love, and fear thy Name,
Shall fee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

XXIX. Short Metre.
God's Sovereignty and Goodness.

O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
And o'er the Heav'n they shine.

When to thy Works on high,
I raise my wond'ring Eyes,
And see the Moon compleat in Light,
Adorn the darksome Skies.

#### III.

When I furvey the Stars, I have und I In all their shining Forms; And World The

Akin to Dust and Worms!

#### IV.

Lord, what is worthless Man, it was of the That thou should'st love him so that of

Next to thy Angels is he plac'd, upon this I And Lord of all below.

#### V.

Thy Honours crown his Heady? While Beafts like Slaves obey, o every all

And Birds that cut the Air with Wings IsM.
And Fish that cleave the Seas have bear

#### VI

How rich thy Bounties are land and and And wond rous are thy Ways I see Hade

Of Dust and Worms thy Power can raised T A Monument of Praise.

#### VII.

O Lord, our heav nly King,
Thy Name is all divine;

Thy Glories round the Earth are foread, And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

XXX. Long Metre. Sinolo vid

The invisible Creator seen in his Works.

#### I.

HE spacious Firmament on high, dW With all the blue atherial Sky, has I And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame, A Their great Original proclaims and most A

11,

The unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Power display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an almighty Hand.

III.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale;
And nightly to the lift'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth.

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What tho', in folemn Silence, all

Nove round this dark terrestrial Ball;

What tho', nor real Voice, nor Sound,

Amidst their radiant Orbs be found:

In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

XXXI. As the extra Pfalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

REAT God, th' Heavens well-order'd
Declares the Glories of thy Name;
There thy rich Works of Wonder shine;
A thou-

A thousand starry Beauties there, A thousand radiant Marks appear, Of boundless Power and Skill divine.

II.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wisdom read;
With silent Eloquence they raise
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,

And neither Sound nor Language need.

Yet their divine Instructions run Far as the Journeys of the Sun,

And every Nation knows their Voice; The Sun, like some young Bridegroom drest, Breaks from the Chambers of the East, Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

IV.

Where e'er he spreads his Beams abroad
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God;
All Nature joins to shew thy Praise:
Thus God in every Creature shines;
Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines,
But sairer is thy Book of Grace.

Common Metre

PAUSE.

V.

I love the Volumes of thy Word; What Light and Joy those Leaves afford, To Souls benighted and distrest!

Thy

Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to stray,
Thy Promise leads my Heart to rest.

From the Discov'ries of thy Law, The perfect Rules of Life I draw,

These are my Study and Delight:
Not Honey so invites the Taste,
Nor Gold, that hath the Furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the Sight.

Thy Threat nings wake my flumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleffed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty Conscience clean,
Converts my Soul, subdues my Sin,
And gives a free but large Reward.

Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?

My God, forgive my secret Faults,

And from presumptuous Sins restrain:

Accept my poor Attempts of Praise,

That I have read thy book of Grace,

And Book of Nature not in vain.

XXXII. Common Metre.

Victory over temporal Enemies.

I.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd;
Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tower,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock, And find a fure Defence; His holy Name our Souls invoke. And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When God our Leader shines in Arms. What mortal Heart can bear. The Thunder of his loud Alarms, The Light'ning of his Spear? Wasan IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind. And Angels in Array, In Millions wait to know his Mind, And swift as Flames obey.

His Love exceeds the Voelb Defores

He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke Whole Armies are dismay'd; His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look, Strikes all their Courage dead. And in Hall vime. IV I will ar Cod.

He forms our Generals for the Field. With all their dreadful Skill; Gives them his awful Sword to wield, And makes their Hearts of Steel.

And lone of Char II waste their Oft has the Lord whole Nations bleft For his own Churches Sake; The Pow'rs that give his People Rest, Shall of his Care partake.

y Salvation that appears to a sect

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XXIV, Com

XXXIII. Long Metre.

Prayer and Hope in Time of War.

OW may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry;
Jehovah hears when Ifrael prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on high.

The Name of Jacob's God defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He, from his Sanctuary, fends
Succour and Strength when Zion calls.

Well he remembers all our Sighs, His Love exceeds the best Deserts; His Love accepts the Sacrifice Of humble Souls and contrite Hearts.

In his Salvation is our Hope, And, in the Name of Israel's God, Our Troops shall lift their Banners up, Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

IV

Some trust in Horses train'd for War, And some of Chariots make their Boast; Our surest Expectations are From thee, the Lord of heav'nly Host.

Now fave us, Lord, from flavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong;
'Till thy Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.
XXXIV. Com-

XXXIV. Common Metre. God our Shepherd.

I

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my Guide; The Shepherd, by whose constant Care, My Wants are all supply'd.

II.

In tender Grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
Refreshing Water flows.

He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
And, to his endless Praise,
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk
In his most righteous Ways.

IV

I pass the gloomy Vale of Death, From Fear and Danger free; For there his aiding Rod and Staff, Defend and comfort me.

V.

In Presence of my spiteful Foes,
He does my Table spread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
With Oil anoints my Head.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love,
Through all my Life extend;
That Life to him I will devote,
And in his Service spend.

XXXIV. Short

XXXIV. Short Metre: God our Shepherd.

I.

THE Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supply'd; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

II.

He leads me to the Place,
Where heav'nly Pasture grows;
Where living Waters gently pass,
And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my Soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his most holy Name.

While he affords his Aid, I cannot yield to Fear;

Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade, My Shepherd's with me there.

In spight of all my Foes,
Thou dost my Table spread;
My Cup with Blessings overslows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

The Bounties of thy Love,
Shall crown my following Days:
Nor from thy House will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

XXXIV. Long

God our Shepherd.

T.

Now thall my Wants be well supply'd; His Providence and holy Word, Become my Safety and my Guide.

H.

In Pastures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely blest.

III.

My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake, But he restores my Soul to Peace; And leads me for his Mercy's sake In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

IV.

Tho' I walk through the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

V.

Amidst the Darkness and the Deeps,
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

Surely the Mercies of the Lord,
Attend his Houshold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.

XXXV. Com-

# XXXV. Common Metre. Dwelling with God.

I.

The Lord her Fulness is;
The World, and they that dwell therein,
By sov'reign Right are his.

II.

He fram'd and fix'd it in the Seas;
And his almighty Hand,
Upon inconstant Floods, has made
The stable Fabrick stand.

III.

But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen Seat design'd;
O, who shall to that sacred Hill,
Desir'd Admittance find?

IV.

The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
Whose Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honest Poverty prefers,
To gainful Perjury.

This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall show'r his Blessings down;
Whom God his Father shall vouchsafe,
With Righteousness to crown.

VI.

Such is the Race of Saints, by whom The facred Courts are trod;
And fuch the Profelytes that feek
The Face of Jacob's God.

XXXV. Long

# XXXV. Long Metre. Heaven prepared for the Righteous.

1.

HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's, And Men, and Worms, and Beasts, and He rais'd the Building on the Seas, (Birds; And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

II.

But there's a brighter World on high, Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky; Who shall ascend that blest Abode, And dwell so near his Maker God.?

III.

He who abhors and fears to fin,
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord with Favour bless,
And perfect him in Righteousness.

Rejoice ye shining Worlds on high, Behold the King of Glory's nigh; Who can this King of Glory be? The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

V.

Ye heavenly Gates your Leaves display, To make the Lord, the Saviour, Way; Laden with Spoils of Earth and Hell, The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

VI.

Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before, He opens Heav'n's eternal Door, To give his Saints a bleft Abode, Near their Redeemer and their God.

XXXVI. First

XXXVI. First Part. Short Met. Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

OD who is good and just. Will erring Souls instruct; Their wand'ring Steps, to the fafe Paths Of Virtue will conduct. And trembles at red III.

The humble Souls he'll guide, And teach the Meek his Way; And I and Kindness and Truth express to such, and ad Wi As his just Laws obey.

Encouraged by thy Grace; sended deliver For Mercy I entreat; Pardon my Sins; O Lord, that are Both numerous and great! IV. and love to do he will

Who is that happy Man, which sy opiois is That fears the Lord above?

He'll ever lead him in the Ways, That he himself does love.

Poffes'd with quiet Thoughts, Vineyserie His Soul shall dwell at Ease; His Seed shall after him injoy Prosperity and Peace.

By those that fear the Lord, His Secret's understood How he, by a fure Covenant, stands Ingag'd to do them good.

XXXVI. Second

XXXVI. Second Part. Short Metre.

Divine Instruction.

WHERE shall the Man be found,
That fears t'offend his God;
That loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

The Lord shall make him know,
The Secrets of his Heart;
The Wonders of his Cov'nant show,
And all his Love impart.

The Dealings of his Hand,
Are Truth and Mercy still,
With such as to his Cov'nant stand,
And love to do his Will.

Their Souls shall dwell at Ease,
Before their Maker's Face;
Their Seed shall taste the Promises,
In their extensive Grace.

XXXVII. Common Metre.

Prayer and Hope.

Thou kindly dost advise,

"Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"

My grateful Heart replies.

D

U.

Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord, Nor me in Wrath reject;

My God, and Saviour, leave not him, Thou didft so oft protect.

.iffe Man be found.

Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too, Their helples Charge forfake; Yet thou, whose Love excels them all, Wilt Care and Pity take.

ACOUNTAINS

Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord; My Ways directly guide;

Lest envious men, who watch my Steps, Should see me tread aside.

V.

Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes; Deseat their ill Desire;

Whose lying Lips, and bloody Hands, Against my Peace conspire.

VI.

I trusted that my future Life
Should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had funk,
With Sorrow compass'd round.

VII.

God's Time with patient Faith expect, Who will inspire thy Breast

With inward Strength: Do thou thy Part, And leave to him the reft.

> glorious Pare I'll shu nateful i learr reoller

## XXXVIII. v Short Metre.

mid ton Forgivenels of Sins

of didft to oft protect.

OBLESSED Souls are they,
Whose Sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest to whom the Lord,
Imputes their Guilt no more.

They mourn their Follies past,
And keep their Hearts with Care;
Their Lips and Lives without Deceir,
Shall prove their Faith sincere.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the fest'ring Wound,
Till I confess'd my Sins to thee,
And ready Pardon found.

Let Sinners learn to pray;
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help in Times of deep Diffress,
Is found in God alone.

XXXIX. Common Metre. Delight and Safety in God.

THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength, nor will I fear,
What all my Foes can do.

ort

D 2

II.

One Privilege my Heart defires;
O grant me an Abode,
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my Goldania

The Temples of my Godgainid 200

There shall I offer my Requests; Said

Shall hear thy Messages of Love,

And there inquire thy Will.

IV.

When Troubles rife, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
God has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.

V.

Above my Foes around;
And Songs of Joy and Victory, Sould Within thy Temple found.

Works of Creation and Providence.

REJOICE ye Righteous in the Lord, This Work belongs to you; Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word, How holy, just, and true.

His Mercy and his Righteousness,
Let Heav'n and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wond'rous Name.

## III.

His Wisdom and Almighty Word,
The heav'nly Arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining Hosts were made.

He bid the liquid Waters flow,
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
With Fear before him stand;
He spake, and Nature took its Birth,
And rests on his Command.

He scorns the angry Nation's Rage,
And breaks their vain Designs;
His Counsel stands thro' every Age,
And in full Glory shines.

XL. As the CXIII Psalm, Works of Nature and Grace.

Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice;
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new;
Sing of his Name, his Words, his Ways,
His Works of Nature, and of Grace,
How wise and holy, just and true.

D 3

'n' eternal Godinad he

Justice and Truth he ever loves, course

And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
His Word the heavenly Arches spread:
How wide they shine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth!

Were all the starry Armies made.

HI.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas, Those watry Treasures know their Place,

In the vast Storehouse of the Deep:
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth,
And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven, and Earth,
His everlasting Orders keep

His everlasting Orders keep.

A God of fuch refiftles Pow'r.

Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage: Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands, But his eternal Counfel stands, 1980 Hands

And rules the World from Age to Age.

XLI. Long Metre. God's Care of the Saints.

I.

ORD, I will blefs thee all my Days,
Thy Praise shall dwell upon my Tongue;
My Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

H.

Come, let us all exalt his Name;

I fought

I fought th' eternal God, and he Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

I told him all my secret Grief,
My secret Groaning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumust of my Fears.

To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heavinly Shine;
A Beam of Mercies from the Skies,
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that serve the Lord;
O fear, and love him, all his Saints,
Taste of his Grace, and trust his Word.
VI.

The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain, And Hunger, roar thro' all the Wood; But none shall seek the Lord in vain, Nor want Supplies of real Good.

XLII. Common Metre.

Peace and Holiness.

And that your Days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful Word had the Be found upon your Tongue.

Depart from Mischief, practise Love, Pursue the works of Peace;

D 4

So shall the Lord your ways approve; And fet your Souls at Ease.

III.

His Eyes awake to guard the Just,
His Ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,
The God of Grace is nigh.

What the the Sorrows here they taste, Are sharp and tedious too; The Lord who saves them all at last, Is their Supporter now.

Evil shall smite the Wicked dead,
But God secures his own;
Prevents the Mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

When Desolation like a Flood, O'er the proud Sinner rolls, Saints find a Refuge in their God, For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XLIII. Common Metre.

The Being and Attributes of God.

O LORD, thy Mercy, my fure Hope,
Above the heav'nly Orb afcends;
Thy facred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope,
Beyond the spreading Sky extends!

Thy Justice like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy

The whole Greation isothy Cares be A

Since of the Goodness all partake,
With what Afforance should the Just;
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refoge make,
And Saints to the Brotection trust.

Such Guests shall to the Courts be led,

To banquet on the Love's repast;

And drink, as from a Fountain's Head;

Of Joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Presence is eternal Day;
O, let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
To upright Hearts thy Truth display!

The Perfections and Providence of God.

HIGH in the Heavens, eternal God, Thy Goodness in full Glory shines; Thy Truth shall break thro every Cloud, That vails and darkens thy Designs.

For ever firm thy Justice stands, O.J. As Mountains their Foundations keep.
Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands, and Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep posed.

Thy Providence is kind and large, the large, the Both man and beaft thy Bounty thate;

D 5

The

e; Γhy The whole Creation is the Charge, I lient to But Saints are the peculiar Care. If an bruy

My God, how excellent thy Grace, you of Whence all our Hope and Comforts spring!
The Sons of Adam in Difficiely, buch you fly Wingsyou llad?

Fly to the Shadow of thy Wingsyou llad?

From the Provisions of thy House and and We shall be fed with sweet Repast on bank. There Mercy like a River flows, I add as his And brings Salvation to our Tasteolg bank.

Life, like a Fountain rich and free and sold of Springs from the Presence of the Lord; And in the Light our Souls shall see a sure The Glories promised in the Word and of

XLIV. First Part. Common Metre. The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked

W HY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise?

By Violence and Lies Paguard change of

As flow'ry Grafs cut down at Noon, and a Before the Ev'ning fades, and the Sales

So shall their Glories vanish soon 1901 901

Then let me make the Lord my Trust, And practise all that's Good;

So

T

Th

So shall I dwell among the Just, and he'll provide me Food.

IV.

I to my God my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Defires fulfil:

Mine Innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

The Meek at last the Earth possess,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches, with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are giv'n.

## PAUSE.

VII

Rest in the Lord, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty Vice.

1

So

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword, Have bent the murd'rous Bow,

To

To flay the Men that fear the Lord, And bring the Right'ous low.

My God shall break their Bows, and burn Their perfecuting Darts; Shall their own Swords against them turn, And Pain furprize their Hearts.

XLIV. Second Part. Common Metre. The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked de de la Chil

Y God, the Steps of pious Men Are order'd by thy Will; Tho they should fall, they rise again, Thy Hand supports them still.

The Lord delights to fee their Ways, Their Virtue he approves; He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace. Nor leave the Man he loves. Correct Behold the Hains

The heav'nly Heritage is theirs, and I all Their Portion and their Home: He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs Of Bleffings long to come.

Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men, Nor fear when Tyrants frown; Ye shall confess their Pride was vain, When Justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

I o slay the Men that four the Lord, And bring the Right ous low.

The haughty Sinner have I feen, bod vivid Not fearing Man nor God not night Thinke a tall Bay-tree fair, and green, it was a Spreading his Arms abroad his I bad

And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
Destroy'd by Hands unseen;
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found
Where all that Pride hath-been.

But mark the Man of Righteousness,
His several Steps attend;
True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

XLV. Common Metre.

In a Time of Sickness.

GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne, down
Nor dare dispute thy Will, of ment about H

Diseases are thy Servants, Lord, a They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring Word in Ward Against thy chast ning Hand, a Town Hand, and the H

Yet I may plead with humble Cries; Remove thy sharp Rebukes;

E.

My

My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies, Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Crush'd, as a Moth, beneath thy Hand, We moulder to the Dust;

Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withstand, And all our Beauty's loft.

V

As all my Fathers were; and by on the Classical way I be well prepared to go, accompany to When I thy Summons hear.

VI.

But if my Life be spar'd a while,

Before my last Remove,

Thy Praise shall be my Business still,

And I'll declare thy Love.

XLVI. Common Metre.

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

I.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I wou'd survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boaft,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Dust,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

VIA .

Ш.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,

They

They rage and strive, desire and love, But all the Noise is vain.

IV.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They toil for Heirs, they know not who.

And strait are seen no more.

V.

What should I wish, or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth, and Dust?
They make our Expectations vain,
And disappoint our Trust.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Defires recall;
I give my mortal Int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

XLVII. First Part. Long Metre. Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.

OD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of tharp Distress invade;
E're we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him present with his Aid.

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there;
Convultions shake the folid World,
Our Faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubl'd Ocean roar, In facred Peace our Souls abide,

While

While every Nation, every Shore.

Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.

There is a Stream, whose gentle Flow Supplies the City of our God; Life, Love, and Joy Hill gliding thro, And wat ring our divine Abode.

That facred Stream, thy holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls;
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

Sion injoys her Monarch's Love, Secure against a threat'ning Hour; Nor can her firm Foundations move, Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

XLVII. Second Part. Long Metre. God's Protection of bis Church.

L Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms rife; He utters his almighty Voice. The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought, And Jacob's God is still our Aid; Behold the Works his Hand has wrought, What Desolations he has made.

From Sea to Sea, through all the Shores, He makes the Noise of Battle cease; When When from on high his Thunder roars, He awes the trembling World to Peace.

He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear, Chariots he burns with heav nly Flame; Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear The Sound and Glory of his Name.

" Be still, and learn that I am God,

" I'll be exalted o'er the Lands;

" I will be known and fear'd abroad,

" But still my Throne in Sion stands.

O Lord of Hosts, almighty King!
While we so near thy Presence dwell,
Our Faith shall sit secure, and sing
Desiance to the Gates of Hell.

XLVIII. Common Metre. Christ ascending and reigning.

FOR a Shout of facred Joy,
To God the fov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues imploy,
And hymns of Triumph fing.

Jesus our Lord ascends on high;
His heav'nly Guards around,
Attend him rising thro' the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

n

While Angels shout and praise their King, Let Mortals learn their Strains;

Let

Let all the Earth his Honours fing, O'er all the Earth he reigns.

IV.

Rehearse his Praise with Awe prosound,

Let Knowledge lead the Song;

Nor mack him with a folemn Sound

Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

In Israel stood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taste his Grace.

The British Islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords,
Submit before his Throne.

XLIX. Short Metre.

The Honour and Safety of a Nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his Praise be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.

These Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they stand?
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.

In Sion God is known
A Refuge in Diffres;

30.

How

How bright has his Salvation shone Through all her Palaces.

When Kings against her join'd, And faw the Lord was there, In wild Confusion of the Mind They fled with hafty Fear.

When Navies, tall and proud, Attempt to spoil our Peace, He fends his Tempest roaring loud, And finks them in the Seas.

Oft have our Fathers told. Our Eyes have often feen, How well our God fecures the Fold, Where his own Sheep have been.

In ev'ry new Diffress, We'll to his House repair; We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace, And feek Deliv'rance there.

> L. First Part. Common Metre. The final Judgment.

HE Lord, the Judge before his Throne, Bids the whole Earth draw nigh; The Nations near the riling Sun, And near the western Sky.

No more shall bold Blasphemers say, " Judgment will ne'er begin;"

WC

No more abuse his long Delay, To Impudence and Sin.

III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our Lord shall come, Bright Flames prepare his Way,

Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm, Lead on the dreadful Day.

IV

Heav'n from above his Call shall hear, Attending Angels come;

And Earth and Hell shall know and fear, His Justice and their Doom, and

And rife with Triumph to posses.

The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

VI.

Your Faith and Works brought forth to Light, Shall make the World confess,

My Sentence of Reward is right, And Heav'n adore my Grace.

L. Second Part. Common Metre. Hypocrites condemned.

WHEN Christ to Judgment shall descend, And Saints surround their Lord, He calls the Nations to attend, And hear his awful Word.

11.

Not for the Want of Bullocks flain, Will I the World reprove;

Altars

Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain, Without the Fire of Love.

And what have Hypocrites to do, To bring their Sacrifice? They call my Statutes just and true,

But deal in Theft and Lies.

IV.

Could you expect to 'scape my Sight,
And sin without controul?
But I shall bring your Crimes to Light,
With Anguish in your Soul.

Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rer there.

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Be

nd,

tars

The repenting Supplicant.

O THOU that hear'st when Sinners cry!
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

Create my Nature pure within, And form my Soul averse to Sin; Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

I cannot live without thy Light, Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight;

Thy

Thy holy Joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.

IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord, His Help and Comfort still afford; And let a Wretch come near thy Throne, To plead the Promise of thy Son.

A broken Heart, my God, my King, Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The God of Grace will ne'er dispise,
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Duft, and owns thy dreadful Sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye, And fave the Soul condemn'd to die!

LI. First Part. Common Metre.

Confession of Sin.

ORD, I would spread my fore Distress,
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high my Crimes arise!

I from the Stock of Adam came,
To fenfual Good inclin'd;
Strong flows the Tide to flefaly Joys,
And weak th' opposing Mind.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and chear my Soul, With thy forgiving Love!

O make

O make my broken Spirit whole, And bid my Pains remove!

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my fensual Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

Then will I make thy Mercy known,
Before the Sons of Men;
Backsliders shall address thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

LI. Second Part. Common Metre. Repentance and Faith in Christ.

I.

O GOD of Mercy, hear my Call,
And all my Guilt remove!

Break down this feparating Wall,
That bars me from thy Love.

11

Give me the Presence of thy Grace.

Then my rejoicing Tongue

Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness.

And make thy Praise my Song.

ís.

ake

No Blood of Goats, nor Heifers flain,
Could moral Guilt atone;
The Grace of God, in Christ, accepts
True Penitents alone.

IV.

A Soul opprest with Sin's Desert, My God will ne'er despise;

A hum-

A humble Groan, a broken Heart, Is our best Sacrifice. bk with symmod-but

> Short Metre. Daily Devotion encouraged.

ET Sinners take their Course. And chuse the road to Death; But in the Worship of my God, I'll spend my daily Breath.

My Thoughts address his Throne, When Morning brings the Light; I feek his Bleffing ev'ry Noon, And pay my Vows at Night.

Thou wilt regard my Cries, O my eternal God! While Sinners perish in Surprize, Beneath thy angry Rod.

Because they dwell at Ease, And no fad Changes feel, They neither fear, nor trust thy Name, Nor learn to do thy Will.

But I, with all my Cares, Will lean upon the Lord; I'll cast my Burdens on his Arm, And rest upon his Word.

His Arm shall well sustain, The Children of his Love; The Ground, on which their Safety stands, No earthly Pow'r can move.

LIII. Long Metre. Trust and Hope in the divine Providence.

T.

THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend, On thy Protection I depend; And to thy Wing for Shelter hafte, 'Till this outrageous Storm is past.

To thy Tribunal I ond I fly,
Thou for reign Judge and God most high.
Who wonders hall for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

TII.

Be thou, O God, exalted high!

And as thy Glory fills the Sky,

So let it be on Earth display'd,

'Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

IV.

O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, Its thankful Tribute to present; And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise, To thee, my God, in songs of Praise.

Awake my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

VI.

Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the list'ning Nations round;

E

Thy

Proper and Profe for Protection.

Y God, in whom are all the Springs of boundless Love and Grace unknown.

Hide me beneath the spreading Wings,

'Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

Street House Service and Grace unknown.

Up to the Heav'ns I fend my Cry,
The Lord will my Defires perform;
He fends his Angel from the Sky,
And faves me from the threat'ning Storm.

Be thou exalted. O my God,
Above the Heavins where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

My Heart is fix'd; ony Song shall raise Immortal Honours to thy Name; Awake my Tongue, to found his Praise, My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost Sky;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God, Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;

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Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

LIV. Long Metre.

Faith in the Power and Grace of God.

My Rock and Refuge is his Throne; In all my Fears, in all my Straits, My Soul on his Salvation waits.

Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face;
When Helpers fail and Foes invade,
God is our all-fussicient Aid.

III.

False are the Men of high Degree,
The baser Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance both appear,
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

IV.

Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Hearts on glittring Dust;
Why will you grasp the seeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
"All Power is his eternal Due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too.

VI.

For fov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone, Grace is a Pantner of the Throne;

E 2

Thy Grace and Justice, mighty Lord, Shall well divide our last Reward.

LV. Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's-Day.

ARLY, my God, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face;
My thirsty Spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing Grace.

So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand, Beneath a burning Sky,

And they must drink or die.

I've feen thy Glory and thy Pow'r Thro' all thy Temple shine;

My God, repeat that heav nly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

IV.

Not all the Bleffings of a Feaft

Can please my Soul so well, You sound

As when thy richer Grace I taste, You had

And in thy Presence dwell.

Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my chearful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

Thus till my last expiring Day, I'll bless my God and King;

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Wh

Thus will I lift my Hands to pray, And tune my Lips to fing.

LV. Long Metre.
The Love of God better than Life.

REAT God, indulge my humble Claim, Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest; The Glories that compose thy Name Stand all ingag'd to make me blest.

Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise, Thou art my Father and my God; And I am thine by facted Ties, Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As Travellers in thirfty Lands,
Pant for the cooling Water brook.

With early Feet I love t'appear
Among thy Saints, and feek thy Face;
Oft have I feen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of fov'reign Grace.

My Life itself without thy Love
No solid Pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

l'Il lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice, While I have Breath to pray or praise;

Th

3 This

This Work shall make my Heart rejoice, And spend the Remnant of my Days.

LV Short Moure.

Seeking God.

T

Y God, permit my Tongue,
This Joy to call thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail,
To tafte thy Love divine.

II.

I long to find my Place;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

For Life without thy Love has an Alons No relish can afford you de anomod wood

No Joy can be compared with this, I lead To ferve and please the Lord.

IV.

And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feath
Such Food or Pleasure give.

V.

To thee my Spirit flies, and so the My chearful Hope relies.

VI.

The shadow of thy Wings, I want I start I star

I follow where my Father leads, 10 W. And he supports my Steps 11 books and he supports my Steps 12 books and he supports my Steps 12 books and he supports my Steps 12 books an

Divine Providence display'd in its Works.

The Groans of Zion mixt with Tears; Yet when he comes with kind Designs, Thro' all the Way his Derror shines.

He bids the noisy Temper cease;
He calms the raging Crowds to Peace,
When a turnultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Wind, and loud as Waves.

Behold, his Enfigns fweep the Sky! I will New Comets blaze, and Light nings fly; The Heathen Lands, with fwift Supprize, From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes. IV.

Seasons and Times obey his Voice, The Evening and the Morn rejoice To see the Earth made fost with Showers, Laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.

Tis from his wat ry Stores on high, sonic. He gives the thirsty Ground Supply of The Walks upon the Clouds, and thence A Doth his enriching Drops dispenses vid

The Defart grows a fruitful Field, and and Abundant Food the Valleys yield,

fol-

E 4

The

The Valleys hout with chearful Voice, And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

Thy Works pronounce thy Pow'r divine, O'er every Field thy Glories shine; W Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear; Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

LVI. First Part. Common Metre.

God bearing Prayer.

I.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord for thee; There shall our Vows be paid; Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray, All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

II.

Lord, our Iniquities prevail,

But pardoning Grace is thine;

And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill

To conquer ev'ry Sin.

III..V

Bless'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuse To bring them near thy Face; Give them a dwelling in thine House, To feast upon thy Grace.

IV.

In answering what thy Church requests,
Thy Truth and Terror shine,
And Works of dreadful Righteousness
Fulfil thy kind Design.

Thus shall the wond'ring Nations see, The Lord is good and just;

And

S

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TI

And distant Islands fly to thee,

And make thy Name their Trust.

They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord, When Signs in Heav'n appear; But they shall learn thy holy Word, And love as well as fear.

LVI. Second Part: Common Metre.

Divine Bounty crowns the Year.

God of eternal Power,
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempests cease to roar.

The Morning-Light and Evening-Shade Successive Comforts bring; Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,

Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

Seasons, and Times, and Moons, and Hours, Heav'n, Earth, and Air are thine; When Clouds diffil in fruitful Showers,

The Author is divine.

Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky,
Born by the Winds around,
With wat'ry Treasures well supply
The Furrows of the Ground.

The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill, And Ranks of Corn appear;

E 5

Thy

An

Thy Ways abound with Bleffings fill,

LVI. Third Part. Common Metre.

The Bleffings of the Spring.

OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King, Who makes the Earth his Care; Vilits the Pastures ev'ry Spring, And bids the Grass appear.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their wat'ry Bleffings from the Sky,
To chear the thirsty Land.

The fosten'd Ridges of the Field Permit the Corn to spring; The Vallies rich Provision yield, And the poor Labourers sing.

The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs;
The Meadows dress'd in all their Pride
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

The barren Clods refresh'd with Rain
Promise a joyful Crop:
The parching Grounds look green again,
And raise the Reaper's Hope.

The various Months thy Goodness crowns;
How bount'ous are thy Ways!
The

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The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs, And Shapterds hour thy Praise.

.sus Mondo on TVI Metre

Almighty Power conducts and guards the

Who makes the Earth his Care

SING, all we Nations, to the Lord, Sing with a joyful Noise;

With Melody of Sound record His Honours and your Joys.

Say to the Power that shakes the Sky, "How terrible art thou!"

Or at thy Feet they bow.

Come, fee the Wonders of our God,
How glorious are his Ways!
In Moses' Hand he puts his Rod,

And cleaves the fright'd Seas.

He made the choing Channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,

And Triumph in their God.

He rules by his reliables Might;
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
Or tempt that dreadful War?

The

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## VI.

O bless our God, and never cease; Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise;

He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace, And guides our doubtful Ways.

LVIII. First Part. Common Metre. Prayer and Praise for Britain.

I.

SHINE mighty God, on BRITAIN shine With Beams of heav'nly Grace; Reveal thy Pow'r thro' all our Coasts, And shew thy smiling Face.

II.

Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
Do thou our Glory stand;
And like a Wall of guardian Fire
Surround the favourite Land.

III.

When shall thy Name, from Shore to Shore, Sound all the Earth abroad; And distant Nations know and love Their Saviour and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands, Sing loud with solemn Voice; While British Tongues exalt his Praise, And British Hearts rejoice.

V.

He, the great Lord, the fov'reign Judge,
That fits enthron'd above,
Wifely commands the Worlds he made,
In Justice and in Love.

VI.

### VI.

Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increase;
Our God will crown his chosen Isle

With Fruitfulness and Peace.

VII.

God, the Creator, scatters round

His choicest Favours here;

While the Creation's utmost Bound

While the Creation's utmost Bound Shall see, adore, and fear.

LVIII. Second Part. Short Metre.
National Prosperity desired.

T:

TO bless thy chosen Race, In Mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the Brightness of thy Face, On all thy Saints to shine.

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re,

That so thy wond'rous Ways,
May through the World be known;
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring Nations join,
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the Worlds, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious Name!

O let them shout and sing,
With Joy and pious Mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shall govern all the Earth!

V.

### V.

Then shall the toeming Ground; brod and A large Increase disclose against and shall be crown dust and Which God our God bestows. a sum bank VI.

Then God apon our Land, as adopted and Shall confiant Bleffings flowing and more And all the World in Ame shall shand, but Of his resistes flowing and world when the World in Ame shall shand, but Of his resistes flowing and world world with the w

LIX. Long Metre.

Praise for temporal Bleffings.

I.

Who fills our hearts with Joy and Food, Who pours his Bleffings from the Skies, And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

He fends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain,
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Escapes from Death;
Safety and Health to God belong,
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.
IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove, The common Bleffings of his Love; But the wide Difference that remains, Is endless Joy or dreadful Pains. V.

The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head, On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread; The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound, And smite him with a lasting Wound.

But his Right-hand his Saints shall raise From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas; And bring them to his Courts above, Where they shall taste his special Love.

LX. Common Metre.
Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.

OD of my Childhood, and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

Wilt thou for sake my heary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking Years,
If God my Strength depart?

Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the furviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I shall quit the Stage.

IV.

The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

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### Co all the Servent spery that treads

Thy Righteousness is deep and high, Unsearchable thy Deeds; Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,

And all my Praise exceeds.

### VI.

Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has prest me fore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

By long Experience have I known
Thy fov'reign Pow'r to fave;

At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

### VIII.

When I lie buried deep in Dust,
My Flesh shall be thy Care;
These withering Limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

LXI. First Part. Common Metre. The Christian's Reslection and Hope.

Y God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth;
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.

My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Power, With all these Limbs of mine;

And

And from my Mother's painful Hour, I've been entirely thine, wound goof I

Still has my Life new Wonders feen, Repeated ev'ry Year; Behold my Days that yet remain,

I trust them to thy Care.

Cast me not off when Strength declines, When hoary Hairs arise; And round me let thy Glory shine,

When e'er thy Servant dies.

Then in the History of my Age, When Men review my Days, They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page, In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

LXI. Second Part. Common Metre. God our Portion bere and bereafter.

YOD, my Supporter and my Hope, My Help for ever near; Thine Arm of Mercy held me up When finking in Despair.

Thy Counsels, Lord, shall guide my Feet Through this dark Wilderness;

Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat, To dwell before thy Face.

Were I in Heav'n without my God, 'Twould be no Joy to me;

And

And whilft this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but thee.

What if the Springs of Life were broke, and Flesh and Heart should faint to

The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

Behold, the Sinners that remove, with all of Far from thy Presence die;

Can fave them when they cry.

But to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my fweet Imploy;

My Tongue deal found thy Works abroad, And tell the World my Joy.

LXII. Short Metre.

The Alystery of Providence unfolded.

I.

SURE there's a sighteons God, do Nor is Religion vain;
Tho' Men of Vice may boalt aloud, but And Men of Grace complain. d Daylvi

II.

I saw the Wicked nife,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with scornful Eyes,
In robes of Honour shine.

III.

Their impious Tongues blasphome
The everlasting God;

Their

Their Malice blasts the good Man's Name, And spreads their Lies abroad.

IV

But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to rife;

"Is there a God that fees or hears
"The things below the Skies?

V.

The Tumults of my Thought Held me in hard Suspence,

'Till to thy House my Feet were brought To learn thy Justice thence.

VI.

Thy Word with Light and Pow'r,
Did my Mistakes amend;
I view'd the Sinners Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

VII.

On what a hippery Steep

The thoughtless Wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep

That waits their Fall below!

VIII.

Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

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LXIII. Common Metre.

Melancholy assaulting, and Hape prevailing.

1.

TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I fought his gracious Ear;

In

In the fad Day, when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights, My Soul refus'd Relief;

I thought on God the Just and Wise, But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

My overwhelming Sorrows grew, "Till I could speak no more; Then I within myself withdrew,

And call'd thy Judgment o'er.

I call'd back Years and ancient Times,
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit fearch'd for fecret Crimes

That might with-hold thy Grace.

I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind
Which I injoy'd before;

And will the Lord no more be kind,
His Face appear no more?

But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark despairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought,
Thy Hand is still the same.

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LXIV. Long Metre.

The Kingdom of Christ.

REAT God, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now

Now give the Kingdom to thy Son, Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne!

Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands, All Heav'n submits to his Commands; His Justice shall protect the Poor, And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

With Pow'r he vindicates the Just, And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust; His Worship and his Fear shall last, Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown, So shall he send his Instuence down; His Grace on fainting Souls distils. Like heav nly Dew on thirsty Hills.

The Heathen Lands that lie beneath The Shades of over-spreading Death, Revive at his first dawning Light, And Desarts blossom at the Sight.

The Saints shall flourish in his Days, Dress'd in the Robes of Joy and Praise; Peace, like a River from his Throne, Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

LXV. First Part. Common Metre. The Pleasure of public Worship.

OGOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the Place,
Where

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Where thou, inthron'd in Glory, shew'ft The Brightness of thy Face!

My longing Soul faints with Defire To view thy bleft Abode;

My panting Heart and Flesh cry out, For thee the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God, How highly bleft are they, Who in thy Temple always dwell,

And there thy Praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose Choice hath thee Their fure Protection made;

Who long to tread the facred Ways That to thy Dwelling lead.

Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength, And still approach more near, 'Till all on Sion's holy Mount, Before their God appear.

LXV. Second Part. Common Metre. The Advantage of public Worship.

WHAT a pleasant Work it is, To praise the Lord above; Morning and Ev'ning to proclaim His Faithfulness and Love!

Great are thy Works, and thy Defigns Contain the deepest Sense;

Tho'

Tho' wicked Men and Fools mistake. Thy Ways of Providence.

III.

They spring and flourish like the Grass With good Success o'er-joy'd, And only grow to be mown down, And utterly destroy'd.

But right'ous Men like fruitful Palms, Or stately Cedars grow;

For plant'd in thy Courts they are fed With Springs that ever flow.

There they are fair and ever thrive, And still more Fruit shall bring;

Age that makes other things decay, Makes them more flourishing.

VI.

Thus God appears to all the World To be both good and just; No Falseness can be charg'd on him, Who is my Rock and Trust.

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LXVI. As the extviii. Pfalm.

Delight in public Worship.

I.
ORD of the Worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are.

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To thine Abode
My Heart aspires
With warm Desires
To see my God.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there!

They praise thee still; And happy they That love the Way To Sion's Hill.

III.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears.

O glorious Seat!
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet.

To spend one sacred Day, Where God and Saints abide, Affords diviner Joy Than thousand Days beside.

Where God reforts, I love it more To keep the Door Than shine in Courts. V.

The Lord his People loves; His Hand no Good with-holds, From those his Heart approves, From pure and pious Souls:

Thrice happy he, O God of Hosts, Whose Spirit trusts Alone in thee.

LXVII. Common Metre.
The Power and Majesty of God.

I.

W ITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

oli oll.

How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thy Armies shine!
Where is the Pow'r that vies with thee
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

The Northern Pole, and Southern rest On thy supporting Hand; Darkness and Day from East to West Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind control,
And rule the boist'rous Deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows sleep.

F

V.

Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel?

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne, Yet wond'rous is thy Grace; While Truth and Mercy join'd in one, Invite us near thy Face.

## LXVIII. As the cx111. Pfalm.

Death and the Resurrection.

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HINK, mighty God, on feeble Man; How few his Hours! How short his Spanl Short from the Cradle to the Grave: Who can secure his vital Breath, Against the bold Arrests of Death, With Skill to sly, or Pow'r to save? II.

Lord, shall it be for ever said,
The Race of Man was only made
For Sickness, Sorrow, and the Dust!
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindness to the Just?

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son, And all his Seed a heav'nly Crown? Eut Flesh and Sense indulge Despair;

For

For ever bleffed be the Lord, That Faith can read his holy Word And find a Refurrection there.

IV.

For ever bleffed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a large Reward
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

LXIX. Long Metre. Man mortal, God Eternal.

I.

THRO' every Age, eternal God,
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode:
High was thy Throne, e'er Heav'n was made,
Or Earth thy humble Footstool laid.

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Long hadst thou reign'd e'er Time began, Or Dust was fashion'd into Man; And long thy Kingdom shall endure, When Earth and Time shall be no more.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die, Subject to Guilt and Vanity; Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was just, "Return, ye Sinners, to your Dust."

Death, like an overflowing Stream, Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream, An empty Tale, a Morning Flower, Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

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V.

V.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man, And kindly lengthen out our Span; Till a wife Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

LXIX. First Part. Common Metre. Frailty and Vanity of buman Life.

ORD, if thy Eyes furvey our Faults,
And Justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

Thy Anger turns our Frame to Dust,
By one Offence to thee;
Adam with all his Sons have lost
Their Immortality.

Life like a vain Amusement slies,
A Fable, or a Song;
By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

How few are they whose Days amount, To threescore Years and Ten! And all beyond that short Account, Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

[Our Vitals with laborious Strife, Bear up the heavy Load, And drag those poor Remains of Life, Along the tiresome Road.]

VI.

VI.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our sweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne!;

Our Souls would learn the heav'nly Art
T'improve the Hours we have;
That we may act the wifer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

LXIX. Second Part. Common Metre. Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of Love return!
Earth is a tirefome Place;
How long shall we thy Children mourn
Our absence from thy Face?

Let Heav'n succeed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow cease;
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increase.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants show,
Make thy own Work compleat;
Then shall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy Throne, In all thy Goodness, Lord; And the poor Service we have done Meet a divine Reward.

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LXX.

LXX. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

OR D, what a feeble Piece Is this our mortal Frame! Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves the Name!

Alas, the brittle Clay That built our Body first! And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day 'Tis mould'ring back to Dust.

Our Moments fly apace, Nor will our Minutes flay; Just like a Flood our hasty Days Are fweeping us away.

Well if our Days must fly, We'll keep their End in fight, We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way, And let them fpeed their Flight.

They'll waft us fooner o'er This Life's tempest'ous Sea; Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore Of bleft Eternity.

## LXXI. Long Metre.

For the Lors - Day.

1.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King; To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing; To shew thy Love by Morning Light, And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

My Heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his Works, and bless his Word: Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine! How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high, Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die; Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath Blast them in everlasting Death.

IV.

But I shall share a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart;
My inward Foes shall all be slain,
And nothing break my Peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desir'd, or hop'd below; And every Pow'r find sweet Imploy, In that eternal World of Joy.

XI.

LXXII. Long Metre.
Safety in publick Diseases and Dangers.

I.

H E that hath made his Refuge God, Shall find a most secure Abode; Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade, And there at Night shall rest his Head.

II.

Then will I fay, " My God, thy Pow'r " Shall be my Fortress and my Tower:

" I that am form'd of feeble Dust

" Make thy almighty Arm my Trust."

Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare; Satan the Fowler, who betrays Unguarded Souls a thousand Ways.

IV.

Just as a Hen protects her Brood, From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood, Under her Feathers, so the Lord Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

If burning Beams of Noon conspire
To dart a pestilential Fire;
God is their Life, his Wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful Shade.

VI.

If Vapours with malignant Breath Rife thick, and scatter Midnight Death, Israel is safe; the poison'd Air Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

# PAUSE.

### VII.

What though a thousand at thy Side,
At thy Right-Hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen People saves
Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

VIII.

So when he fent his Angel down To make his Wrath in Egypt known, And slew their Sons; his careful Eye Past all the Doors of Jacob by.

### IX.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword, Receive Commission from the Lord, To strike his Saints among the rest, Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.

### X

The Sword, the Pestilence, or Fire, Shall but sulfil their best Desire; From Sins and Sorrows set them free, And bring thy Children, Lord, to thee.

LXXIII. Common Metre. Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

Y E Islands of the Northern Sea Rejoice, the Saviour reigns; His Word like Fire prepares his Way, And Mountains melt to Plains.

### II.

His Presence sinks the proudest Hills, And makes the Valleys rise;

F 5

The humble Soul injoys his Smiles, The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around

Fill their own Worshippers with Shame, And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

His Foes shall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire;
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

The Seeds of Joy and Glory fown
For Saints in Darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harvest bear.

LXXIV. Common Metre.

The Meffiah's Coming and Kingdom.

JOY to the World, the Lord is come; Let Earth receive her King; Let every Heart prepare him Room, And Heav'n and Nature fing.

II

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#### II.

Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns; Let Men their Songs imploy, While Fields and Floods, Rocks Hills and Plains, Repeat the founding Joy.

III

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow, Nor Thorns infest the Ground; He comes to make his Blessings slow Far as the Curse is found.

IV

He rules the World with Truth and Grace, And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteousness,
And Wonders of his Love.

LXXV. First Part. Long Metre. Sickness healed, and Sorrows removed.

I.

WILL extol thee, Lord, on high, At thy Command Diseases sty; Who but a God can speak and save From the dark Borders of the Grave?

Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his, And tell how large his Goodness is; Let all your Pow'rs rejoice and bless, While you record his Holiness.

III.

3

His Anger but a Moment stays; His Love is Life and Length of Days; Tho' Grief and Tears the Night imploy, The Morning-star restores the Joy.

LXXV.

LXXV. Second Part: Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

I.

FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright, And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be Night; Fondly I said within my Heart, "Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart."

II. and by latte

But I forgot thy Arm was strong,
Which made my Mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

I cry'd aloud to thee, my God; no W ball

"What canst thou profit by my Blood?

" Deep in the Dust can I declare

"Thy Truth, or fing thy Goodness there?"

" Hear me, O God of Grace, I faid,

"Nor let me sink among the Dead:"
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.

My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe, Are turn'd to Joy and Praises now; I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground, And Ease and Gladness gird me round.

VI.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame, Shall ne'er be filent of thy Name; Thy Praise shall sound thro' Earth and Heav'n For Sickness heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

LXXVI.

LXXVI. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Death.

I.

INTO thy Hand, O God of Truth,
My Spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And sav'd me from the Pit!

The Passions of my Hope and Fear Maintain'd a doubtful Strife, While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conspir'd To take away my Life.

My Times are in thy Hand, I cry'd,
Tho' I draw near the Dust,
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

IV.

O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant shine,
And save me for thy Mercy Sake,
For I'm intirely thine.

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V.

'Twas in my Haste, my Spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thy Eyes;"
But thou hast heard my Cry.
VI.

Thy Goodness how divinely free!
How wond'rous is thy Grace,

To those that fear thy Majesty, And trust thy Promises!

O love the Lord, all ye his Saints, And fing his Praises loud; He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints, And recompence the Proud.

LXXVII. Long Metre. Storm and Thunder.

T.

Give to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame, Give to the Lord Renown and Pow'r, Afcribe due Honours to his Name, And his eternal Might adore.

11

The Lord proclaims his Pow'r aloud Over the Ocean and the Land; His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud, And Light'nings blaze at his Command.

He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind, Lay the wide Forest bare around; The searful Hart, and frighted Hind, Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

The Lord sits sov'reign on the Flood, The Thund'rer reigns for ever King; But makes his Church his blest Abode, Where we his awful Glories sing.

In gentler Language there the Lord The Counsel of his Grace imparts;

Amidst

Amidst the raging Storm, his Word Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

WITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong
Wilt put thy Foes to Shame.

II.

I'll fing thy Majesty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteousness,
And make his Vengeance known.

Then shall the Lord a Resuge prove
For all the Poor opprest;
To save the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Rest.

The Men that know thy Name will trust In thy abundant Grace; For thou hast ne'er forsook the Just, Who humbly seek thy Face.

V.

Sing Praises to the right'ous Lord, Who dwells on Zion's Hill, Who executes his threat'ning Word, And doth his Grace fulfil.

LXXIX.

LXXIX. Common Metre.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

WHEN the great Judge supreme and just, Shall once inquire for Blood, The humble Souls that mourn in Dust Shall find a faithful God.

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death Does his own Children raise; In Zion's Gates with chearful Breath They sing their Father's Praise.

His Foes shall fall with heedless Feet
Into the Pit they made;
And Sinners perish in the Net
That their own Hands have spread.

Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God, Are thy deep Counfels known; When Men of Mischief are destroy'd, The Snare must be their own.

LXXX. Common Metre.

Prayer beard, and the Righteous saved.

I

W HY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Distress?
II.

Lord, shall the Wicked still deride Thy Justice and thy Pow'r?

Shall

Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And still thy Saints devour?

III.

They put thy Judgments from their Sight, And then infult the Poor; They boast in their exalted Height,

That they shall fall no more.

IV.

Arise, O God, lift up thy Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

LXXXI. Common Metre.

God the Refuge of his People.

I.

W HY do the Men of Malice rage,
And say with foolish Pride,
The God of Heav'n will ne'er ingage
To fight on Zion's Side."

II.

But thou for ever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thy Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And perish'd from thy Land.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray, And cause thy Ear to hear;

He hearkens what his Children say, And puts the World in Fear.

VIOIV.

Proud Tyrants shall no more oppress, No more despise the Just;

And

And mighty Sinners shall confess
They are but Earth and Dust.

LXXXII. Long Metre.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

THE Lord in Heav'n hath fix'd his Throne,
His Eye furveys the World below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His Eye-lids fearch our Spirits thro?

If he afflicts his Saints so far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

On impious Wretches he shall rain Tempest of Brimstone, Fire, and Death, Such as he kindled on the Plain Of Sodom, with his angry Breath,

The right'ous Lord loves right'ous Souls, Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere, And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men who his own Image bear.

LXXXIII. Common Metre. Praise to God for bearing Prayer.

To that almighty Pow'r,
Which heard the long Requests I made
In my distressful Hour.

II.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare To make his Mercies known; Come ye that fear my God, and hear The Wonders he hath done.

III.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell, I fought his heav'nly Aid; He fav'd my finking Soul from Hell, And Death's eternal Shade.

IV.

If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Pray'r imploy'd my Tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praises sung

But God, his Name be ever blest,
Hath set my Spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Request,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

LXXXIV. Long Metre. Public Worship delightful.

I.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are ! With long Desire my Spirit faints, To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Flesh would rest in thy Abode, My panting Heart cries out for God; My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my Joys and thee?

### III.

Blest are the Saints who sit on high, Around thy Throne of Majesty; Thy brightest Glories shine above, And all their Work is Praise and Love.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place Within the Temple of thy Grace; There they behold thy gentler Rays, And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set, To find the Way to Sion's Gate; God is their Strength, and thro' the Road They lean upon their Helper God.

LXXXV. Long Metre. God present in his Church.

REAT God, attend while Sion fings.
The Joy that from thy Presence springs;
To spend one Day with thee on Earth
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

Might I injoy the meanest Place Within thy House, O God of Grace! Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Pow'r Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

Π.

III.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day; God is our Shield, he guards our Way From all th' Affaults of Hell and Sin, From Foes without and Foes within.

IV.

1

IV

All needful Grace will God bestow, And crown that Grace with Glory too; He gives us all things, and with-holds No real Good from upright Souls.

O God, our King, whose sov'reign Sway The glorious Hosts of Heav'n obey, And Devils at thy Presence see, Blest is the Man that trusts in thee!

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptation.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My God how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly Rays,
That chase my Fears away?

See how the Prince of Darkness tries
All his malicious Arts,
He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
And throws his fi'ry Darts.

III.

Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haste before my Eyes are seal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

How would the Tempter boast aloud
If I become his Prey!
Behold, the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy so long Delay.

V.

But they shall fly at thy Rebuke,
And Satan hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.
VI.

Thou wilt display that sov'reign Grace Where all my Hopes have hung; I shall imploy my Lips in Praise, And Vict'ry shall be sung.

LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Mercies of God recorded.

T.

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds Which God perform'd of old; Which in our younger Years we faw, And which our Fathers told.

II.

He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Through ev'ry rifing Race.

Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their Hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre.
The Punishment of Luxury.

T.

WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And sends them heavinly Bread.

II.

He fed them with a libral Hand, And made his Treasures known; He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command To pour Provision down.

III.

The Manna like a Morning Show'r

Lay thick around their Feet;

The Corn of Heav'n, so light, so pure,

As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

But they in murmuring Language faid,
"Manna is all our Feast;
We look this light, this aim Proof.

We loath this light, this airy Bread; We must have Flesh to taste."

V.

"Ye shall have Flesh to please your Lust,"
The Lord in Wrath reply'd;

And fent them Quails like Sand or Dust, Heap'd up from Side to Side.

VI.

He gave them all their own Defire;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebels dead.

VII.

VII.

Oft he chaftis'd, and still forgave, 'Till by his gracious Hand,
The Nation he resolv'd to save
Posses'd the promis'd Land.

LXXXIX. First Part. Common Metre.
The Faithfulness of God.

I.

Y never-ceasing Songs shall show The Mercies of the Lord; And make succeeding Ages know How faithful is his Word.

II.

The facred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure;
And if he speak a Promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.

III.

How long the Race of David held
The promis'd Jewish Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

IV.

His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.

Lord God of Hosts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

LXXXIX.

F

I

LXXXIX. Second Part. Common Metre.
The Bleffings of the Gospel.

I

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know The Gospel's joyful Sound; Peace shall attend the Path they go, And Light their Steps surround.

П.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up, Thro' their Redeemer's Name; His Promises exalt their Hope, Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The Lord our Glory and Defence, Strength and Salvation gives; Israel, thy King for ever reigns, Thy God for ever lives.

XC. Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

I.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal State, How frail our Life, how short the Date! Where is the Man that draws his Breath, Safe from Disease, secure from Death?

Lord, while we see whole Nations die, Our Flesh and Sense repine and cry, "Must Death for ever rage and reign?

" Or hast thou made Mankind in vain?"

III

Where is thy Promise to the Just?

Are not thy Servants turn'd to Dust?

But

But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs, And sees the sleeping Dust arise in stone

That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day, Wipes the Reproach of Saints away, And clears the Honour of thy Word; Awake our Souls, and blefs the Lord,

XC. Common Metre.

Man frail and God eternal.

Our Hope for Years to come; Our Shelter from the stormy Blast, And our eternal Home.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne,
Thy Saints have dwelt fecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is fure.

Before the Hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless Years the same.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust, "Return ye Sons of Men:"
All Nations rose from Earth at first, And turn to Earth again.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight Are like an Ev'ning gone;

Short

Short as the Watch that ends the Night Before the riling Sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a Dream

Dies at the opining Day.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand,
Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie withering e'er 'tis Night.

God's protecting Providence.

Hath gain'd a fafe and quiet Seat; For God's o'er spreading Providence Will, like a Shade, be his Desence.

To him, as to my Fort, I'll fly, On him my pow'rful God rely; When noisome Plagues infect the Air, He'll save them from the secret Snare.

His Care, like Wings, shall safety yield, His faithful Promise be thy Shield; So that no Dangers in the Night Shall seize thee with a sudden Fright.

Since thou hast made the Lord most high, Thy Refuge and Security,

G

Short

No Evil shall thy Peace molest, No Plague thy Dwelling shall infest.

Because he knows, and sears my Name,
I'll honour him, and raise his Fame, OH A
When he invokes me in his Need, period
I'll hear and answer him with Speed of the orange.

Still on its first Foundation stands.

But quality Worldung to spannage of Publick Worfing and Or had its first Foundarian laid.

ORD, 'tis a pleafant thing to standy of I In Gardens planted by thy Hand; vol I Let me within thy Courts be seen, Like a young Cedar fresh and green.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love, Bleft with thine Influence from above; Not Lebanon, with all its Trees, Yields fuch a comly Sight as these.

The Plants of Grace shall ever live; Value Nature decays, but Grace must thrive; Time, that doth all things else impair, Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with Fruits of Age they shew, The Lord is holy, just, and true; None that attend his Gates shall find A God unfaithful or unkind.

vito for regar Might.

tays of Majefty around.

XCIII Long Metre.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns, He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might; nod W
The World, created by his Hands, and the
Still on its first Foundation stands.

But eler this spacious World was made, Or had its first Foundation laid, Thy Throne eternal Ages stood, Thy Self the ever-living God.

Like Floods the angry Nations rife, And aim their Rage against the Skies; Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high! At thy Rebuke the Billows die,

For ever shall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

XCIV. As the cxx11 Psalm.

God's Supreme Dominion.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with fov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

Lors of thy Frown

Upheld by thy Commands The World fecurely stands; And Skies and Stars obey thy Word; Thy Throne was fix'd on high Before the starry Sky;

Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

of Pareigns, the hord. III savio

In vain the noify Croud, mid. 11111 Like Billows fierce and loud, long self is Against thine Empire rage and roar; In vain with angry Spite The furly Nations fight, wood and his quel And dash like Waves against the Shore.

boundary Viva distriction of the order

Let Floods and Nations rage, And all their Pow'rs ingage, Let Swelling Tides affault the Sky ad The Terrors of thy Frown by and as also Shall beat their Madness down; Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

Thy Promises are true, Thy Grace is ever new, 22 add. mon There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove; Thy Saints with holy Fear and land has Shall in thy Courts appear,

And fing thy everlasting Love.

Let Floods and Nations rage, And all their Pow'rs ingage, Let swelling Tides affault the Sky; bushes vilous 1 to Eval to The

The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down;
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

XCV. Long Metre.

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

Deep are his Counfels and unknown, But Grace and Truth support his Throne; Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround, Justice is their eternal Ground.

In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes, 2 19 Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs; Before him burns devouring Fire, The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

His Enemies with fore Difmay,
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's night.

XCVI. Proper Tune.\*
Universal Praise to God.

ET all the Earth their Voices raife,
To fing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
To fing and bless Jehovah's Name:

e

As the CXIII Psalm, leaving out the Two last Lines in each Stanza.

His Glory let the Heathens know, His Wonders to the Nations thew, And all his faving Works proclaim.

[Wonders of Grace to God belong,

Repeat his Mercies your Song of The guilty Nation quake;

The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord, The wondring Nations read thy Word, In Britain is Jehovah known:

Our Worship shall no more be paid oil no

To Gods which mortal Hands have made; Our Maker is our God alone, sounds to

[Give to our God immortal Praise; 1910]
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

et therefore all with Illife a

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky, He made the shining Worlds on high, but

And reigns compleat in Glory there!

His Beams are Majesty and Light;

His Beauties how divinely bright built 105

Wonders of Grace to God belong,

Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour, When Earth shall feel his faving Pow'r,

And barbarous Nations fear his Name; Then shall the Race of Man confess

The Beauty of his Holiness,

And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.
[Give to our God immortal Praise,

Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

XCVII.

# XCVII. Common Metre.

The Power, Holiness, Truth and Justice of God.

of Grace to God belong EHOVA H reigns; let therefore all The guilty Nations quake; On Cherub's Wings he fits enthron'd, Let Earth's Foundations shake:

Britain is tenovah leHiwn

On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court. His Palace makes her Tow'rs; Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends Supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

Mercy and Truth are allhis

Let therefore all with Praise address, His great and dreadful Name, bonten at And with his unrefifted Might ent about all

His Holiness proclaim. To and to bn A

IV

His Beams are March For Truth and Justice in his Reign, and all Of Strength and Pow'r take place;

His Judgments are with Righteoufness of Dispens'd to Jacob's Race. and dagged

Therefore exalt the Lord our God sis amou Before his Footfool fall; all hard med W.

And with his unrefifted Mightad ad burA His Holiness extologo Race Race along and I

The Beauty of his Hohmely With Worship at his facred Courts, baA Exalt our God and Lord of avid

For he who only Holy is an I bus worself of Alone should be ador'd.

XCVIII.

XCVIII. Long Metre. God's unchangeable Goodness.

TERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy,
Well may thy Praise our Lips imploy;
While in thy Temple we appear,
Whose Goodness crowns the circling Year.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole;
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the Skies.

Seafons and Months, and Weeks, and Days, Demand successive Songs of Praise; Still be the chearful Homage paid, With opining Light, and evining Shade.

O may our more harmonious Tongues In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs! And in those brighter Courts adore, When Days and Years revolve no more.

God to be worshiped with Reverence.

E XALT the Lord our God, And worship at his Feet; His Nature is all Holiness, And Mercy is his Seat.

When Israel was his Church, When Aaron was his Priest;

When



PARLE KOVIP. 1.10 NCVIB Long More. TERNAL Source of every Toxe While is thy Temple of appear, ... Whole Goodness crowns the circling Year. Wide as the Wiscos of Nature rolls, Thy Hand topopers the fleady Poles, The Sun is taught by shee to that, and And darkkels when to well the Skies. Seafore SACMonete, and Wagers, and Dayon December Sough of Wreife; Still be the chemical Humanichaus. With opining Highs, and extens, Sight -O may our most harmonious Tongoes In Worlds was now a purfue the Songs And is those bright to Cours a lore, What Days and Year revolve no more, God to be Teerflight was Reverence, XALT ha Lord cortical, His Asserted is all I tellerite. When Hagler's in thurs, When Aaron was his Pricel's

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Cit. Long Mewe.
The Mundhiley of the Greation.

REAT Former of this various Framet

Souls adore the awful Names

And how and tremble while they Prairie - 1.

Phy Accient of eternal Days.

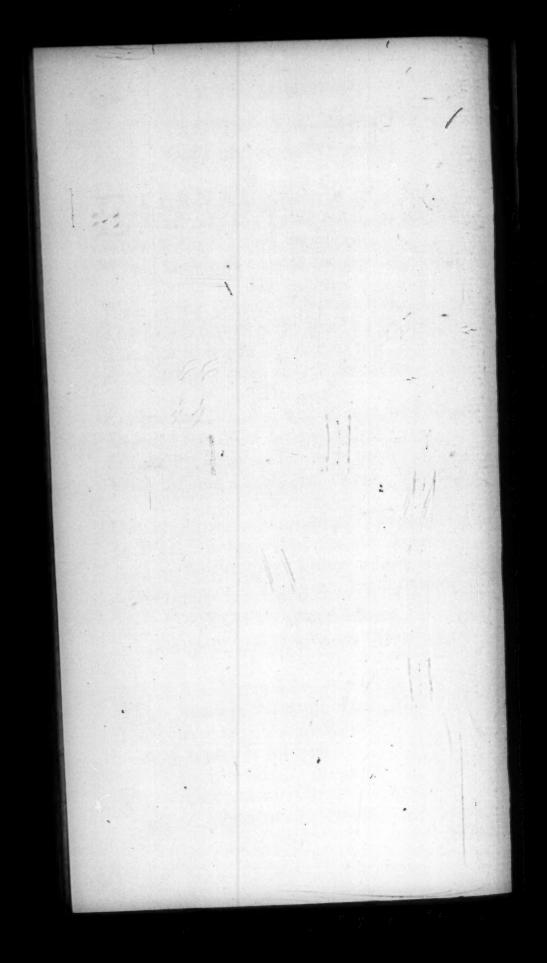
Our Days a combine Period run,
And change with every circling Sun p
And in the firmeli State we book,
A Moch can cruth poliate Duth,

But let the Creatures fall around;
Let Death configures to the Granad's
Let the fall gen cal Plant evile.
And melt the Arches of the Shares

Calm as the Summer's Cleans, we can all the Wreck of Nature fee p. While Grace feetires us an Abode, Loglaken as the Throne of God.

CIH. Compagned Metre.
The Compagned of God to Metakind.

A FATAR RESERVE to his Child.
Than God's is lefter far s
for he confiders our week. Frame,
And knows that Doft we see.



Redeems the Prisoners doom'd to die, And fills their Tongues with Praise.

CII. Long Metre.
The Mutability of the Creation.

T.

GREAT Former of this various Frame!
Our Souls adore thy awful Name;
And bow and tremble while they Praise
The Ancient of eternal Days.

II.

Our Days a transient Period run, And change with ev'ry circling Sun; And in the firmest State we boast, A Moth can crush us into Dust.

III.

But let the Creatures fall around; Let Death confign us to the Ground; Let the last gen'ral Flame arise, And melt the Arches of the Skies:

IV.

Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we Can all the Wreck of Nature see; While Grace secures us an Abode, Unshaken as the Throne of God.

CIII. Common Metre.
The Compassion of God to Mankind.

A FATHER's Pity to his Child Than God's is lesser far; For he considers our weak Frame, And knows that Dust we are.

Man's Days are like the Grass or Flow'r, Fresh when its newly blown, But sades with ev'ry blasting Wind, Whose Place no more is known.

111.

But God is true and ever kind,
To good Men and their Race;
Those that his Laws and Cov'nant keep,
His Favour will embrace.

IV.

Circled with Light, the Lord hath plac'd His Throne in Heav'n above, Whose sov'reign Empire does extend O'er all that live and move.

V.

Bless God, ye Angels, who in Strength And Services transcend; Bless him, ye Hosts and Ministers, Who all his Will attend.

VI.

All ye his Works, in ev'ry Place,
Subject to his control,
Bless ye your Maker; and with them
Join in his Praise, my Soul.

CIII. First Part. Long Metre. God's tender Mercy to his People.

BLESS thou the Lord my Soul; his Name Let all the Pow'rs within me bless; O let not his past Favours lie Forgotten in Unthankfulness!

'Tis he that pardons all thy Sins;
He that in Sickness makes thee Sound;
'Tis he redeems thee from the Grave,
And still thy Life with Love is crown'd.
III.

'Tis he that fills thy Mouth with good, And all thy just Desires supplies; Who, like the Eagles, makes thy Age To a renewed Youth arise.

#### IV.

Abundant Mercies flow from God, Love is his Nature and Delight; Slow is his Wrath, and tho' he chides, He means not to destroy us quite.

His Anger, in its rife and stay, From Rules of Justice never swerves; And when he punishes our Faults, The Measure's less than Sin deserves.

#### VI.

As Heav'n is far above the Earth, So his Rewards exceed our Love; Farther than East is from the West, His Pardon does our Sins remove.

CIII. Second Part. Long Metre. God's gentle Chastisement.

#### I.

THE Lord, how wond'rous are his Ways! How firm his Truth! how large his Grace! He takes his Mercy for his Throne, And thence he makes his Glories known.

Not half so high his Pow'r hath spread.
The starry Heav'ns above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praise,
Exceeds the highest Hopes we raise.

Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
The rising Morning from the West,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of those he loves.

How flowly doth his Wrath arise! On swifter Wings Salvation flies; And if he lets his Anger burn, How soon his Frowns to Pity turn!

Amidst his Wrath Compassion shines; His Strokes are lighter than our Sins; And while his Rod corrects his Saints, His Ear indulges their Complaints.

So Fathers their young Sons chastise, With gentle Hands and melting Eyes; The Children weep beneath the Smart, And move the Pity of their Heart,

## P. A U S E.

VII.

The mighty God, the Wise and Just, Knows that our Frame is feeble Dust; And will no heavy Loads impose, Beyond the Strength that he bestows.

VIII.

#### VIII.

He knows how foon our Nature dies, Blasted by ev'ry Wind that slies; Like Grass we spring, and die as soon, Or Morning Flow'rs that sade at Noon.

IX.

But his eternal Love is fure
To all the Saints, and shall indure;
From Age to Age his Truth shall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

CIII. First Part. Short Metre.

Praise for Temporal and Spiritual Mercies.

OBLESS the Lord, my Soul!

Let all within me join,

And aid my Tongue to blefs his Name,

Whose Favours are divine.

11.

O bless the Lord, my Soul!

Nor let his Mercies lie

Forgotten in Unthankfulness,

And without Praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pains;
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneffes,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy Life with Love, When ransom'd from the Grave; He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell, Hath sov'reign Pow'r to save. He fills the Poor with Good:
He gives the Sufferers Rest:
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud.
And Justice for th' Opprest.

VI.

His wond'rous Works and Ways
He made by Mofes known;

But sent the World his Truth and Grace, By his beloved Son.

CIII. Second Part. Short Metre. 100
The Compassion of God.

Whose Mercies are so great;
Whose Anger is so flow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd Above the Ground we tread, So far the Riches of his Grace Our highest Thoughts exceed.

His Pow'r fubdues our Sins, And his forgiving Love, Far as the East is from the West, Doth all our Guilt remove. I

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The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

He knows we are but Dust, Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath; His Anger like a rising Wind Can send us swift to Death. VII.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassion, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

CIV. First Part. Long Metre.
The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

Y Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays,
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

Angels, whom his own Breath inspires, His Ministers are flaming Fires; And swift as Thought their Armies move, To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

111.

The World's Foundations by his Hand Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand; He binds the Ocean in his Chain, Lest it should drown the Earth again.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood, Which high above the Mountains stood, He thunder'd, and the Ocean sled, Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

The swelling Billows know their Bound, And in their Channels walk their Round; Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins, They spring on Hills and drench the Plains.

God from his cloudy Ciftern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Bleffings yield.
VII.

O bless his Name, ye Britons, fed With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread! While Bread your vital Strength imparts, Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

CIV. Second Part. Long Metre. God the Governor of the Universe.

VAST are thy Works, almighty Lord!
All Nature rests upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

II.

While each receives his diff'rent Food, Their chearful Looks pronounce it good; Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms, Rejoice and Praise in different Forms.

#### III.

But when thy Face is hid they mourn, And dying to their Dust return; Both Man and Beast their Souls resign; Life, Breath, and Spirit, all is thine.

## Yet thou canst breathe on Dust again, And fill the World with Beasts and Men; A Word of thy creating Breath Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

#### V

His Works, the Wonders of his Might, Are honour'd with his own Delight; How awful are his glorious Ways! The Lord is dreadful in his Praise.

#### VI.

The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke, And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke; Yet humble Souls may see thy Face, And tell their Wants to sov'reign Grace.

## VII.

In Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet, And make my Meditations sweet; Thy Praises shall my Breath imploy, Till it expire in endless Joy.

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CV. Common Metre. Pleasure in Divine Worship.

I.

O LET us all give thanks to God,
And call upon his Name!
His gracious and his mighty Works,
To all the World proclaim.

II.

Let us in Songs and facred Hymns, Our great Creator blefs,

And what his pow'rful Hand hath wrought, Our joyful Tongues express.

III.

Count it your Honour that ye know, And bear his facred Name; And when you worship this great Lord,

Take Pleasure in the same.

IV.

Within his Sanctuary let
Your Pray'rs to him be made;
Your Hopes upon his Favour rest,

And his almighty Aid.

O let the Works that he hath done, Your Admiration move!

Think on the Judgments of his Mouth, And Wonders of his Love.

VI.

We glory that this mighty Lord, Us for his People own;

Whose Judgments make th' amaz'd Earth, To tremble when he frowns.

VII.

## very VIII thin to worl

His Cov'nant with his People made,
He ever call'd to mind;
And will his Promifes fulfil,
To Ages still behind.

CVI. Long Metre.

God adored for bis Goodness.

TO God the great, the ever-bleft, Let Songs of Honour be addreft; His Mercy firm for ever stands, Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways? Who shall fulfil thy boundless Praise? Blest are the Souls that fear thee still, And pay their Duty to thy Will.

Remember what thy Mercy did For Jacob's Race, thy chosen Seed; And with the same Salvation bless The meanest Suppliant of thy Grace.

O may I fee thy Tribes rejoice, And aid their Triumphs with my Voice! This is my Glory, Lord, to be Join'd to thy Saints, and near to thee.

CVI. Short Metre. God's unchangeable Love.

GOD of eternal Love, How fickle are our Ways!

And

And yet how oft did Ifrael prove Thy constancy of Grace!

They faw thy Wonders wrought, And then thy Praise they fung; But foon thy Works of Pow'r forgot, And murmur'd with their Tongue.

Now they believe his Word, While Rocks with Rivers flow; Now with their Lusts provoke the Lord, And he reduc'd them low.

IV

Yet when they mourn'd their Faults. He hearken'd to their Groans, Brought his own Cov nant to his Thoughts, And call'd them still his Sons.

Their Names were in his Book, He fav'd them from their Foes; Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forfook The People that he chose.

Let Israel bless the Lord, Who lov'd their ancient Race; And Christians join the solemn Word AMEN to all the Praise.

First Part. Long Metre. God's wonderful Works to the Children of Men.

IVE Thanks to God, he reigns above, Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love; His His Mercy Ages past have known, And Ages long to come shall own.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord,
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Israel, the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

Ш

In their Distress to God they cry'd, God was their Saviour and their Guide; He led their March far wand'ring round, 'Twas the right Path to Canaan's Ground.

IV.

Thus when our first Release we gain From Sin's old Yoke, and Satan's Chain, We have this defart World to pass, A dang'rous and a tiresome Place.

V

He feeds and clothes us all the Way, He guides our Footsteps lest we stray; He guards us with a pow'rful Hand, And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

CVII. Second Part. Long Metre.

Providential Deliverances.

11.

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I,

OFLD you behold the Works of God,

His Wonders in the World abroad?

H 2 Go

Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

They leave their native Shores behind, And seize the Favour of the Wind; 'Till God command, and Tempests rise That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

III.

Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain, Now fink to dreadful Deeps again, What strange Affrights young Sailors feel, And like a stagg'ring Drunkard reel!

When Land is far, and Death is nigh, Lost to all Hope, to God they cry; His Mercy hears the loud Address, And sends Salvation in Distress.

V.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage, The furious Waves forgot their Rage; 'Tis calm; and Sailors smile to see The Haven where they wish'd to be.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record, The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord! Let them their private Offerings bring, And in the Church his Glory sing.

God the Preserver to be adored.

THY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,
The

The Sons of Courage shall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men astonish'd mount the Skies,
And sink in op'ning Graves.

Then to the Lord they raise their Cries;
He hears the loud Request,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to rest.

Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,
And see the Storm allay'd;
Now to their Eyes the Port appears,
There let their Vows be paid.

'Tis God that brings them fafe to Land;
Let stupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

VI.
O that the Sons of Men would praise
The Goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wond'rous Ways,
Thy wond'rous Love record.

CVIII. Long Metre.

Nations blest and punished.

WHENGOd, provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madness of the Times,
H 3

he

He turns their Fields to barren Sand, And dries the Rivers from the Land.

His Word can rife the Springs again, And make the wither'd Mountains green; Send show'ry Bleffings from the Skies, And Harvests in the Defarts rife.

Thus they are bleft, but if they fin, He lets the Heathen Nations in, A favage Crew invades their Lands, Their Princes die by barbarous Flands.

Their Captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn, Wander unpity'd and forlorn; da ball hal The Country lies unfenced, untilled, And Defolation spreads the Field.

Yet if the humbled Nation mounts, Again his dreadful Hand he turns ; 11 10 Again he makes their Cities thrive, Wall And bids the dying Churches live.]

The Righteous with a joyful Sense Admire the Works of Providence And Tongues of Atheilts shall no more Blaspheme the God that Saints adore.

How few with pious Care record These wond'rous Dealings of the Lord! But wife Observers still shall find The Lord is holy, just and kind. X13 Scourges the Madnels of the Times.

### CIX. Common Metre.

Love to Enemies.

T.

OD of my Morey and my Praife, Thy Glory is my Song; Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace, With a blaspheming Tongue.

When in the Form of mortal Man,
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders false and vain
They compass'd him around.
III.

Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
Their Peace he still pursu'd;
They render Harred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.
IV.

Their Malice rag'd without a Caufe,
Yet with his dying Breath,
He pray'd for Murd rers on his Crofs,
And bleft his Foes in Death.

Lord, shall thy bright Example shine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul a kin to thine,
To Love my Enemies.

VI.

The Lord shall on my Side ingage, was And in my Saviour's Name,

I shall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who slander and condemn.

H 4

CX. Common Metre. Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

ESUS, our Lord, afcend thy Throne, And near thy Father sit; In Zion shall thy Pow'r be known, And make thy Foes fubmit.

What Wonders shall thy Gospel do! Thy Converts shall surpass The num'rous Drops of Morning Dew, And own thy fov'reign Grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree, Nor changes what he fwore;

Eternal shall thy Priesthood be, When Aaron is no more.

" Melchisedeck that wond'rous Priest, " That King of high Degree,

"That holy Man who Abraham bleft

" Was but a Type of thee."

Jesus our Priest for ever lives To plead for us above; a soled min of Jesus our King for ever gives The Bleffings of his Love.

God shall exalt his glorious Head, And his high Throne maintain, Shall strike the Pow'rs and Princes dead, Who dare oppose his Reign.

CXI

CXI. Common Metre.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

ONGS of immortal Praise belong To my almighty God;

He has my Heart, and he my Tongue, To spread his Name abroad.

How great the Works his Hand hath wrought!

How glorious in our Sight!

And Men in every Age have fought His Wonders with Delight.

How most exact is Nature's Frame!

How wife th' Eternal Mind!

His Counsels never change the Scheme That his first Thoughts delign'd.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,

He fix'd his Cov'nant fure;

The Orders that his Lips pronounce

To endless Years endure.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies

Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim;

What shall we do to make us wife,

But learn to read thy Name?

To fear thy Po'wr, to trust thy Grace,

Is our divinest Skill;

1

And he's the wifest of our Race That best obeys thy Will.

CXII.

CXII. Common Metre. 10

Î.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with lib ral Hands.

As Pity dwells within his Breast
To all the Sons of Need;
So God shall answer his Request,
With Blessings on his Seed.

No evil Tidings shall surprize

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A

His well-establish'd Mind;
His Soul to God, his Refuge slies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

IV.

In Times of general Distress
Some Beams of Light shall shine,
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And give him Peace divine.

His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on Earth and Joys above
Shall be his fure Reward.

CXII. Long Metre.

The Bleffings of the Pious and Charitable.

THAT Man is blefs'd who stands in Awe Of God, and loves his facred Law;

His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd, And with successive Honours crown'd.

14.

His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be An inexhausted Treasury; His Justice free from all Decay, Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.

The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light, Shines brightest in Affliction's Night; To pity the distress'd inclin'd, As well as just to all Mankind.

IV

His lib'ral Favours he extends, To some he gives, to others lends; Yet what his Charity impairs, He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

V.

Beset with threat'ning Dangers round, Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground; The sweet Remembrance of the Just Shall flourish, when he sleeps in Dust.

His Hands while they his Alms bestow'd, His Glory's future Harvest sow'd, Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown, A temp'ral and eternal Crown:

CXIII. Proper Tune.
The Majesty and Condescension of God.

YE that delight to serve the Lord, The Honours of his Name record, His sacred Name for ever bless:

e

is

Where-

Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.

Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds, Can give his vast Dominion Bounds;

The Heav'ns are far below his Height: Let no created Greatness dare With our eternal God compare, Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

III.

He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His sov'reign Hands exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Name;
The Mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praises and her Joys;
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

YE Servants of th' almighty King, In ev'ry Age his Praises sing; Where-e'er the Sun shall rise or set, The Nations shall his Praise repeat. II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky Stands his high Throne of Majesty; Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r restrain, Nor bound his universal Reign.

Which of the Sons of Adam dare, Or Angels with their God compare? His Glories how divinely bright, Who dwells in uncreated Light!

IV

Behold his Love, he stoops to view What Saints above and Angels do; And condescends yet more to know The mean Affairs of Men below.

V.

From Dust and Cottages obscure
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's Hand, Left the proud Tyrant and his Land, The Tribes with chearful Homage own Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

II.

A-cross the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way;
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

The Mountains shook like frighted Sheep, Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap; Not Sinai on her Base could stand, Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at Hand.

What Pow'r could make the Deep divide? Make Jordan backward roll his Tide? Why did ye leap, ye little Hills? And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood, Retire and know th' approaching God, The King of Israel; see him here, Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns, The Rock to standing Pools he turns; Flints spring with Fountains at his Word, And Fires and Seas confess the Lord.

> CXV. Long Metre. The True God our Refuge.

> > T.

Not to ourselves, who are but Dust, Not to ourselves is Glory due, Eternal God, thou only Just, Thou only Gracious, Wife and True.

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name; Why should a Papist's haughty Tongue Insult us, and to raise our Shame, Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?

The God we serve maintains his Throne Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies; Thro' all the Earth his Will is done, He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

IV

But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At best a Mass of glitt'ring Ore,
A silver Saint, or golden God.

O Israel, make the Lord thy Hope, Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest! The Lord shall build thy Ruins up, And bless the People and the Priest.

The Dead no more can speak thy Praise, They dwell in Silence and the Grave; But we shall live to sing thy Grace, And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

CXVI. First Part. Common Metre.

Recovery from Sickness.

I.

I LOVE the Lord, he heard my Cries, And pity'd every Groan; Long as I live, when Troubles rife, I'll hasten to his Throne.

II.

I love the Lord, he bow'd his Ear, And chas'd my Griefs away; O let my Heart no more despair, When I have Breath to pray!

My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell, And I drew near the Dead,

While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

" My God, I cry'd, thy Servant fave,
"Thou ever good and just!

"Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave,
"Thy Pow'r is all my Trust."

V.

The Lord beheld me fore diffrest,

He bid my Pains remove;

Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,

For thou hast known his Love.

VI.

My God hath fav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears;
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,

And my remaining Years. We are the boar

CXVI. Second Part. Common Metre. Publick Thanks for private Deliverance.

W HAT shall I render to my God
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.

Among the Saints that fill thy House

My Offerings shall be paid;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

III.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-bleffed God!

How dear thy Servants in thy Sight! How precious is their Blood!

IV.

How happy all thy Servants are!

How great thy Grace to me!

My Life which thou hast made thy Care,

Lord, I devote to Thee.

V

Now I am thine, for ever thine,

Nor shall my Purpose move;

Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,

And bound me with thy Love.

Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

E T all the Nations of the World
Their great Creator praise;
And all its scatt'red People join
His mighty Name to raise.

II.

Whose tender Mercy knows no Bound,
His Goodness ever sure;
Then let our Praises like his Truth,
For ever still endure.

CXVIII.

CX VIII. First Part. Common Metre. Publick Praise for God's merciful Appearances. low dear thy Servants of the Suche

PRAISE the Lord, whom Ages past Have known to be so kind; Whose Mercies will continue fure To Ages still behind. Day is story work My Life which those had made thy Jare,

Let all his People and his Priefts, That in his House attend. With all that fear the Lord proclaim, His Mercies have no End.

and boads of Pa

Bear thou thy Part with them, my Soul, God's Goodness to express, Who heard my Pray'r, and let me free, When I was in Diffress.

arts, why lear me now

I need not fear what Man can do Since God does take my Part; Defeated all my Foes will be, When thou my Helper art.

I all my Happiness afcribe To God, who made me ftrong; And his Salvation All Thall be The Subject of my Song.

The joyful Voice of Triumph fills The Dwellings of the Just; His Pow'r doth mighty things for them, Who in his Goodness trust.

CXVIII.

CXVIII. Second Part. Common Mette. For the Lord's Day, or Christ's Resurrection.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround thy Throne.

To-day he rose and lest the Dead,
And Satan's Empire sell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

Hofanna, to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne!
IV.

Blest be the Lord who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace;
Who comes in God his Father's Name
To save our finful Race.

Hosanna, in the highest Strains,

The Church on Earth can raise!

The highest Heavens, in which he reigns,

Shall give him nobler Praise.

And those that leave throw avs.

CXIX. First Part. Common Metre. The Blessedness of the Righteous.

LEST are the undefil'd in Heart, Whose Ways are right and clean; Who never from thy Law depart, But fly from ev'ry Sin. 2010 of a vast 1 to And Praise furround and I brone

Blest are the Men that keep thy Word, And practife thy Commands; With their whole Heart they feek the Lord, And serve thee with their Hands.

And all his Wonderston

Great is their Peace who love thy Law; How firm their Souls abide ! of state of Nor can a bold Temptation draw, Their steady Feet aside. IV.

Then shall my Heart have solid Joy, And keep my Face from Shame; 1 sel 11st When all thy Statutes I obey, Many And honour all thy Name. hilail ago syrt o'l

But haughty Sinners God will hate, The Proud shall die accurst; The Sons of Falshood and Deceit Are trodden to the Duft. Shall give him gooder .IV

Vile as the Drofs the Wicked are; And those that leave thy Ways, Shall fee Salvation from afar, But never taste thy Grace.

CXIX Second Part. Common Metre. Avouching God as our Portion.

HOU art my Portion, O my God! Soon as I know thy Way, My Heart makes Haste t' obey thy Word,

And fuffers no Delay.

I chuse the Path of heav'nly Truth, And Glory in my Choice; Not all the Riches of the Earth Could make me fo rejoice.

The Testimonies of thy Grace I fet before my Eyes;

Thence I derive my daily Strength, And there my Comfort lies.

If once I wander from thy Path, I think upon my Ways;

Then turn my Feet to thy Commands, And trust thy pardoning Grace.

Now I am thine, for ever thine; O fave thy Servant, Lord! Sala State

Thou art my Shield, my Hiding place, My Hope is in thy Word. Will should be

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine, Thy Statutes to fulfil; And thus 'till mortal Life shall end,

Would I perform thy Will. I low and

CXIX. Third Part. Common Metre.

Instruction from Scripture.

I.

HOW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules impart,
To keep the Conscience clean.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to God.

'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light, That guides us all the Day; And thro' the Dangers of the Night,

A Lamp to lead our Way.

The Men that keep thy Law with Care, And meditate thy Word, Grow wifer than their Teachers are,

And better know the Lord.

V.

Thy Precepts make me truly wife; I hate the Sinner's Road;

I hate my own vain Thoughts that rife, But love thy Law, my God.

Thy Word is everlasting Truth, And the I

That holy Book shall guide our Youth, And well support our Age.

CXIX. Fourth Part. Common Metre.

Delight in the Word of God.

I.

O How I love thy holy Law!
Tis daily my Delight,
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day To meditate thy Word;

My Soul with Longing melts away To hear thy Gospel, Lord.

HI.

How doth thy Word my Heart ingage!
How well imploy my Tongue!
And in my tiresome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

IV

Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feaft;
Not Honey droping from the Comb
So much altures the Tafte.

No Treasures so enrich the Mind; Nor shall thy Word be sold, For Loads of Silver well refin'd, Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

When Nature finks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promises of Grace
Are Pillars to support my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

CXIX. Fifth Part. Common Metre.

Perfection of Scripture.

T.

To form one perfect Book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look!

11.

Not their best Reas'nings could assure,
Our num'rous Sins forgiven,
Nor clear the Gloom of Death; but Christ
Absolves; and opens Heav'n.

I've seen an End of what we call Perfection here below; How short the Pow'rs of Nature sall,

And can no farther go.

Yet Men would fain be just with God,
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

In vain we boast Perfection here, While Sin desiles our Frame; And sinks our Virtues down so far, They scarce deserve the Name.

Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,

Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

CXIX.

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CXIX. Sixth Part. Common Metre. The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

ORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My lasting Heritage;
There shall my noblest Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest Thoughts ingage.

I'll read the Histories of thy Love, And keep thy Laws in Sight, While thro' the Promises I rove, With ever fresh Delight.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown, Where Springs of Life arife, Seeds of immortal Blifs are fown, And hidden Glory lies.

The best Relief that Mourners have, It makes our Sorrows blest; Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave, And our eternal Rest.

CXIX. Seventh Part. Common Metre.

Desire of spiritual Instruction.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How Good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand, My Service is thy Due;

O make-

O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do!

III.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,

Let not thy Path be hid;

But mark the Road my Feet should go,

And be my constant Guide.

IV.

If God to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

This was my Comfort when I bore Variety of Grief;

It made me learn thy Word the more, And fly to that Relief.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will, I'll teach the World his Ways; My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal, Shall loud pronounce his Praise.

CXIX. Eighth Part. Common Metre.

Breathing after Holiness.

I.

THAT the Lord would guide my Ways,
To keep his Statutes still!
O that my God would grant me Grace,
To know and do his Will!

II.

O fend thy Spirit down to write Thy Law upon my Heart!

Nor

Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,

From Vanity turn off my Eyes:

Let no corrupt Delign,

Nor covetous Defires arife,
Within this Soul of mine.

IV.

Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere;

Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord, But keep my Conscience clear.

V.

My Soul hath gone too far aftray,

My Feet too often slip;

Yet fince I've not forgot thy Way, Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.

VI.

Make me to walk in thy Commands, 'Tis a delightful Road;

Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands, Offend against my God.

CXIX. Ninth Part. Common Metre. Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

I

O let me never stray,
From thy Commands, O God of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way!

II.

Thy Word I've hid within my Heart, To keep my Conscience clean,

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And

And be an everlasting Guard From ev'ry rifing Sin. a down and we're

I'm a Companion of the Saints, Who fear and love the Dord; In son My Sorrows rife, my Nature faints. When Men transgress thy Word.

While Sinners do thy Gofpel wrong, My Spirit Handson Awe glittes asch

My Soul abhors a lying Tongue, But loves thy righteous Daw.

My Heart with facred Rev'rence hears The Threat'nings of thy Word;

My Flesh with holy Trembling fears The Judgments of the Lord.

My God, I long, I hope, I wait For thy Salvation still; 200 1331 viv

While thy whole Law is my Delight, And I obey thy Will. non inbank not

CXIX Tenth Part. Common Metre. Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

ONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord, And thy Deliv rance fend; My Soul for thy Salvation faints. When will my Troubles end!

Yet I have found tis good for me To bear my Father's Rod;

Afflictions

Afflictions make me learn thy Law, And live upon my God.

III.

This is the Comfort Linjoy, When new Distress begins

I read thy Word, I run thy Way, And hate my former Sins.

IV.

Had not thy Word been my Delight When earthly Joys were fled,

My Soul, opprest with Sorrows Weight, Had funk amongst the Dead.

I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right, Tho' they may feem fevere; The sharpest Suff'rings I endure,

Flow from thy faithful Care.

VI.

Before I knew thy chast'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

CXIX. Eleventh Part. Common Metre.

Holy Resolutions.

OTHAT thy Statutes ev'ry Hour Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

II.

To meditate thy Precepts, Lord, Shall be my fweet Imploy;

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My.

My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word, Thy Word is all my Joy.

How would I run in thy Commands, If thou my Heart discharge with the From Sin and Satan's hateful Chains, And fet my Feet at large?

My Lips with Courage shall declare Thy Statutes and thy Name ; job but I'll speak thy Word tho' Kings should hear, Nor yield to finful Shame, ded aurice

Let Bands of Perfecutors rife To rob me of my Right, of good both Let Pride and Malice forge their Lyes, Thy Law is my Delight. vilas foods 42-

Depart from me, ye wicked Race, Andrews Whose Hands and Hearts are ill; I love my God, I love his Ways, A Ways, And must obey his Will. on warb of-

CXIX. Twelfth Part. Common Metre. Divine Influence needful.

Y Soul lies cleaving to the Duft; Lord, give me Life divine ! From vain Defires and ev'ry Luft Turn off these Eyes of mine.

I need the Influence of thy Grace To speed me in thy Way, the ball had

Lest I should loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet astray.

III.

When fore Afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest Hours.
IV

Are not thy Mercies fov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

And long to fee thy Face?

And yet how flow my Spirit move
Without enlivining Grace!

Then shall I love thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt it's quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

CXIX. Last Part. Long Metre. Sanctified Afflictions.

ATHER I bless thy gentle Hand; How kind was thy chastising Rod, That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand, And brought my wand'ring Soul to God!

Foolish and vain I went astray, E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord;

eft

I left

I left my Guide, and loft my Way.
But now I love and keep thy Word.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke, For Pride is apt to rife and swell; 'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke, That I might learn his Statutes well.

The Law that issues from thy Mouth Shall raise my chearful Passions more, Than all the Treasures of the South, Or Western Hills of golden Ore.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame, Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within; Teach me to know thy wond rous Name, And guide me fafe from Death and Sin. VI.

Then all that love and fear the Lord, At my Salvation shall rejoice; For I have hoped in thy Word, And made thy Grace my only Choice.

CXX. Common Metre.
Seeking God's gracious Assistance.

To God whose Care I've ever been, In my Distress I cry'd; He heard me then, and so prevents My Fears to be deny'd.

I'll lift mine Eyes unto the Hills, And thence will look for Aid;

Depend

Depend on God alone for Help, Both Heav n and Earth he made.

He will fustain thy weaker Pow'rs,

With his almighty Arm; And keep thee with unweary'd Care, From all furprizing Harm.

The Lord's Protection like a Shade Will be thy fure Defence;

Nor Sun nor Moon shall hurt thee with Malignant Influence. to still transfer was

From Harm thy Body he'll protect, Preferve thy Soul from Sin ; polyinge value Will prosper thy Designs abroad, and does? And bless thy coming in.

> CXXI. Long Metre. Droine Protection. Jent lis non at my Salvation half

P to the Hills I lift mine Eyes, The eternal Hills beyond the Skies; Thence all her Help my Soul derives; There my almighty Refuge lives.

He lives; the everlasting God, That built the World, that spread the Flood; The Heav'ns, with all their Hofts he made, And the dark Regions of the Dead.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way; His Morning Smiles bless all the Day; He

Depend

He spreads the Evining Veil, and keeps The silent Hours while Israel sleeps.

IV.

Ifrael, a Name divinely bleft Again and all May rife fecure, fecurely reflect & Research and Swakeful Eyes and So Admit no Slumber, nor Surprize Makeful Eyes and Eye

No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day, Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray Shall blast thy Couch; no baleful Star Dart his malignant Fire so far, who was

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn, Is Still thou shalt go, and still return, Is but Safe in the Lord; his heavinly Care Defends thy Life from every Snare, would be the still return.

CXXI. Long Metre. God our Preserver.

I.

On him alone for Help depends;
His Presence my incircling Guard,
His Grace the Source of my Reward.

The expanded Skies by Pow'r divine In all their splendid Radiance shine; From his Command the solid Earth, And all it's Stores deriv'd their Birth.

III.

Inspected by his watchful Eyes
No threat'ning Snares my Soul surprize;

My trembling Feet he fafely keeps, My faithful Guardian never fleeps.

His shelt'ring Arm he will extend
O'er Israel's Race, and them defend;
No Slumbers draw to soft Repose,
His wakeful Eye-lids never close.

# Moon with fickly Ray

## Conch of the baleful Sta

My Soul, thy Keeper is the Lord!
How firm his Pow'r! How fure his Word!
He fpreads a Shade on thy Right Hand,
And will a fafe Retreat command.

#### VI

No burning Sun with noxious Rays, Shall blast thy Life with fickly Days; No baleful Moon thy Head shall smite, Serene thy Day, secure thy Night.

Protected by his pow'rful Arm, Should frightful Scenes thy Heart alarm? Thy Life is fafe, tho' num'rous Foes With restless Fury thee oppose.

His Wisdom guides thee ev'ry Day, Thro' all Disasters in thy Way; Thy mortal Life by him is blest,! His Favour crowns with endless Rest.

CXXI

As the extyn Pfalm. God our Preserver.

tear to dies !

PWARD I lift mine Eyes From God is all my Aid The God that built the Skies. And Earth and Nature made;

God is the Tow'r To which I fly; His Grace is nigh bib W In ev'ry Hour, abner Ty Mile

Lucken tel us all abon My Feet shall never flide, di good bat And fall in fatal Snares, Since God my Guard and Guide Defends me from my Fears.

Those wakeful Eyes | salahan That never fleep, and all a letter Shall Ifrael keep, When Dangers rife.

Partir I No burning Heats by Day, Nor Blafts of Ev'ning Air Shall take my Health away, If God be with me there.

> Thou art my Sun, And thou my Shade, To guard my Head By Night or Noon.

Hast thou not giv'n thy Word To fave my Soul from Death?

And

And I can trust my Lord To keep my mortal Breath; I'll go and come, and Nor fear to die, Till from on high AA Thou call me Home.

> CXXII. Common Metre. Publick Worsbip delightful.

To which I fly T OW did my Heart rejoice to hear My Friends devoutly fav, " In Zion let us all appear, " And keep the folemn Day."

istal Snares II

I love her Gates, I love her Road; The Church adorn'd with Grace Stands like a Palace built for God. To shew his milder Face.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown The holy Tribes repair; The Son of David holds his Throne, And fits in Judgment there.

He hears our Praises and Complaints; And while his awful Voice Divides the Sinners from the Saints, We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this facred Place, And Joy a constant Guest!

With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants bleft!

VI. some and a

My Soul shall pray for Zion still,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

I.

To hear the People cry,
"Come, let us feek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a chearful Zeal
We hafte to Zion's Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

11

Zion, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In Thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear,
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

There David's greater Son
Hath fix'd his Royal Throne,
He fits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saints be glad,
He makes the Sinner fad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

Trwaic the greeters Mellant falls

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To blefs the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
A thousand Blessings on him rest!

My Tongue repeats her Vows,
"Peace to this facred House!"
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And fince my glorious God
Makes thee his best Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To blefs the Soul of ev'ry Guest;
The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
A thousand Blessings on him rest!

CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with Submission.

THOU whose Grace and Justice reign Enthron'd above the Skies, To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain, To thee we lift our Eyes.

Though for our Sins we justly feel Thy Discipline, O God; Yet wait the gracious Moment still, Till thou remove the Rod.

III.

Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live, Our daily Groans deride, 397 1 500 1

And thy Delays of Mercy give Fresh Courage to their Pride.

Our Foes infult us, but our Hope In thy Compassion lies; M alor mor This Thought shall bear our Spirits up, "That God will not despise."

CXXIV. Common Metre. God's merciful Appearance acknowledged. For the Fifth of November.

Lyun of remaining the troop and my AD not the Lord, may Ifrael fay, Been pleas'd to interpose; Had he not then espous'd our Cause When Men against us rose.

The new of the bib stones Their Wrath had fwallow'd us alive, And rag'd without control; Their Spite and Pride's united Floods Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul Mile for one of a property and

But prais'd be our eternal Lord, Who rescu'd us that Day, I say say have Nor to their favage Jaws gave up Our threaten'd Lives a Prey. The Third The Prey. TO HIS TANDERS OF AN IV.

Trivial team and the

Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd,
From out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,
And we at Freedom set.

Secure in his almighty Name,

Our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
Of both fole Monarch reigns.

CXXIV. Long Metre.

National Deliverance celebrated.

For the Fifth of November.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Rose like the swelling of the Tide.

The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath, So siercely did the Waters roll, We had been swallow'd deep in Death; Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;
So slies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke,

For ever bleffed be the Lord, Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare,

Who

Who fav'd us from the murd'ring Sword, And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

Our Help is in Jehovah's Name, Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies; He that upholds that wond'rous Frame, Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

CXXV. Short Metre.

Afflictions moderated.

I.

Firm as the Mount where David dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

II.

As Mountains stood to guard
The City's facred Ground,
So God and his almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

HI.

What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chastizing Stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with those Whose Faith and pious Fear, Whose Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace,

Proclaim their Hearts fincere.

V.

Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saints;

The God of Israel will support His Children, lest they faint. VI.

But if our flavish Fear
Will chuse the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

CXXVI. Common Metre.

Hope and Dependance on God encouraged.

When God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture feem'd a pleafing Dream,
The Grace appear'd fo great.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confess;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And sung surprizing Grace.

"Great is the Work, my Neighbours cry'd, And own'd the Pow'r divine;

"Great is the Work, my Heart reply'd, "And be the Glory thine."

The Lord can clear the darkest Skies, Can give us Day for Night; Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise To Rivers of Delight.

Let those that sow in Sadness wait. Till the fair Harvest come,

They

They shall confess their Sheaves are great, And shout the Blessings home.

The Seed lie buried long in Dust,
It shan't deceive their Hope;
The precious Grain can ne'er be lost,
For Grace insures the Crop.

CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Blessing of God on worldly Affairs.

I

IF God succeed not, all the Cost And Pains to build the House are lost; If God the City will not keep, The watchful Guards as well may sleep.

H

What if you rise before the Sun, And work and toil when Day is done, Careful and sparing eat your Bread, To shun that Poverty you dread.

Ш.

Tis all in vain, till God hath bleft; He can make rich, yet give us Rest; Children and Friends are Blessings too, If God our Sov'reign make them so.

Happy the Man to whom he fends Obedient Children, faithful Friends! How fweet our daily Comforts prove, When they are feafon'd with his Love!

Vall.

CXXVII. Common Metre.
The Love of God the greatest Blessing.

The Builders work in vain;
And Towns without his wakeful Eye
An useless Watch maintain.

II.

Before the Morning-Beams arife,
Your painful Work renew,
And 'till the Stars afcend the Skies
Your tiresome Toil pursue.
III.

Short be your Sleep, and coarse your Fare;
In vain, till God hath blest;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You shall have Food and Rest.

Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he sends,
If sent without his Love.

CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family Blessings.

O HAPPY Man, whose Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverend Awe!
His Lips to God their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

A careful Providence shall stand And ever guard thy Head; Shall on the Labours of thy Hand Its kindly Bleffings shed.

III.

[Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine; Thy Children round thy Board, Each like a Plant of Honour shine, And learn to fear the Lord.]

The Lord shall thy best Hopes sulfil,
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Shall send thee Blessings home.

This is the Man whose happy Eyes
Shall see his House increase,
Shall see the finking Church arise,
Then leave the World in Peace.

CXXIX. Long Metre.
The Christian's Hope in evil Times.

THE Lips that with Deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Vengeance will confound,
The flatt'ring and blaspheming Tongue.

"Yet shall our Words be free," they cry,

" Our Tongue shall be control'd by none; "Where is the Lord will ask us why;

" Or fay, our Lips are not our own?"

The Lord who fees the Poor opprest,
And hears the Oppressor's haughty Strain.
Will

Will rise to give his Children Rest,
Nor shall they trust his Word in vain.

Thy Word, O Lord, the often try'd, Void of Deceit shall still appear; Not silver seven times purify'd From Dross and Mixture shine so clear.

Thy Grace shall in the darkest Hour Defend the holy Soul from Harm; Tho' when the vilest Men have Pow'r, On ev'ry Side will Sinners swarm.

CXXX. Short Metre. Supplicating for Mercy.

ROM lowest Depths of Woe,
To God I sent my Cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply!

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the Trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

My Soul with Patience waits,
For thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never failing Word.

My longing Eyes look out,
For thy enliving Ray,

More duely than the Morning Watch, To fpy the dawning Day.

V.

Let Ifrael trust in God,
No Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.

VI.

Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
And wash our Guilt away.

CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

From deepDistress and troubl'd Thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries;
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.

II.

But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace
Free to dispense thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my God his Face display?

IV.

My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word, Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain; Let mourning Souls address the Lord, And find Relief from all their Pain.

V.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace, Thro' the Redemption of his Son; He turns our Feet from finful Ways, And pardons what our Hands have done.

> CXXXI. Common Metre. Humility and Submission.

S there Ambition in my Heart? in and I Search, gracious God, and fee; In Land Or do I act a Haughty Part the sand energie Lord, I appeal to thee liver 1 130 while W.

I charge my Thoughts, be humble still, And all my Carriage mild ; afford you Content, my Father, with thy Will, A

And quiet as a Child as sorg A as shall

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind, 12 of I Shall have a large Reward; Let Saints in Sorrow lie refign'd, And trust a faithful Lord. In soil has

CXXXII. Long Metre. God's Presence in his Church.

sown thall fourit on his Head I HERE shall we go to feek and find An Habitation for our God, A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind, Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood?

H.

and the story Smill and processors and

The God of Jacob chose the Hill Of Zion for his ancient Reft: And Zion is his Dwelling fill, His Church is with his Presence bleft.

Here I will fix my gracious Throne. And reign for ever, faith the Lord: Here shall my Pow'r and Love be known. And Bleffings shall attend my Word.

Here will I meet the hung'ry Poor, And fill their Souls with living Bread; Sinners that wait before my Door, With fweet Provisions shall be fed.

[Girded with Truth, and cloath'd with Grace, My Priefts, my Ministers shall shine; Not Aaron in his coftly Drefs Made an Appearance fo divine.

The Saints unable to contain Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing; The Son of David here shall reign, And Zion triumph in her King.

Jesus shall see a num'rous Seed Born here, t'uphold his glorious Name; His Crown shall flourish on his Head, While all his Foes are cloath'd with Shame.

> CXXXII. A tha field lo erice on the

CXXXII. Common Metre.

God's Bleffing on publick Worship implored.

ARISE, O King of Grace, arise,

And enter to thy Rest;

Lo, thy Church waits with longing Eyes

Thus to be own'd and blest!

H.

Enter with all thy glorious Train, and the Thy Spirit and thy Word; and bank

All that the Ark did once contain, Could no fuch Grace afford.

HI.

Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praise be spread;
Bless the Provisions of thy House,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

IV.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

Here let him hold a lasting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

me.

XII.

CXXXIII. Short Metre.
The Happiness of Peace and Friendship.

BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whose Hearts and Hopes are one,
K 2 Whose

Whose kind Designs to serve and please Through all their Actions run.

H.

Blest is the pious House, Where Zeal and Friendship meet;
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows,
Make their Communion sweet.

IH.

Thus when on Aaron's Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,
And Pleasure fill'd the Room.

WIV:

Thus on the heav'nly Hills
The Saints are bleft above,
Where Joy like Morning Dew diftils,
And all the Air is Love.

Level I have

The Blessings of Friendship.

I.

O W pleafant 'tis to fee

Kindred and Friends agree,

Each in their proper Station move;

And each fulfil their Part

With sympathizing Heart,

In all the Cares of Life and Love!

'Tis like the Ointment shed be show shis?

On Aaron's sacred Head,

Divinely rich, divinely sweet;

Rays of quicking

The Oil thro' all the Room salguord F Diffus'd a choice Perfume, and asing bal. Ran thro' his Robes, and bleft his Feet. Where Zearand Frield hip office

Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain agnod dion Make their Cornial and Ila ratew That Descending from the neighb'ring Hills; Such Streams of Pleafure rolling and I Thro' ev'ry friendly Soul, baung and in I

Where Love like heav'nly Dew diffils. Aug Picature fille th. VI

How pleasant 'tis to see logged byo I sel 7 Kindred and Friends agree, Each in their proper Station move And each fulfil their Part moderal and and With fympathizing Heart, In all the Cares of Life and Love! ' out I

> CXXXIV. Common Metre. Daily and Nightly Devotion.

E that obey th' immortal King, wall Attend his holy Place; Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r, and france And bless his wond'rous Grace.

Lift up your Hands by Morning-light, And fend your Souls on high; Raise your admiring Thoughts by Night Above the starry Sky.

The God of Zion chears our Hearts With Rays of quick'ning Grace;

The

The God that spreads the Heav'ns abroad, And rules the swelling Seas.

CXXXV. Long Metre.
The Church God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his Name is sweet Imploy;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

II.

The Lord himself will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their fore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

Thro' ev'ry Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod;
He gives his suff'ring Servants Rest,
And will be known th' almighty God.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love;
O Christians magnify his Name!
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jerusalem.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

A WAKE, ye Saints, to praise your King Your sweetest Passions raise, Your pious Pleasure, while you sing, Increasing with the Praise.

Great is the Lord, and Works unknown Are his divine Imploy; Wallet Lind

But still his Saines are near his Throne, His Treasure and his Joy.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea confess his Hand; He bids the Vapours rife; And And

Light'ning and Storm at his Command Sweep thro' the founding Skies. to I stand is less geominavior

All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd Is found with him alone;

But heathen Gods should ne'er be nam'd Where our Jehovah's known.

# there he Sommer and V. Interes

Which of the Stocks and Stones they truft Can give them Show'rs of Rain?

In vain they worthip glitt'ring Dust, And pray to Gold in vain. nag**vi.** da aksanz palsky kon.

Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf, Nor hear when Mortals pray;

Mortals that wait for their Relief. Are blind and deaf as they.

# in VIII and a land a second of the

O Britain, know thy living God, Serve him with Love and Fear;

He makes thy Churches his Abode, And claims thy Honours there. Late ve Saints, to praile your King

CXXXVI. Common Metre: God's Wonders of Creation and Providence.

lockill his Saint are not big Throne Yive Thanks to God, the fov'reign Lord; I His Mercies still endure, And be the King of Kings ador'd, His Truth is ever fure. Light of the State of Light Company

What Wonders hath his Wisdom done! -How mighty is his Hand!

Heav'n, Earth and Sea, he fram'd alone; How wide is his Command! Howard the mount of the bear of the Land o

The Sun supplies the Day with Light; How bright his Counfels shine! The Moon and Stars adorn the Night; His Works are all divine. fluid gol IV. g gar sow well and of

He faw the Nations dead in Sin; He felt his Pity move; How fad the State the World was in! How boundless was his Love! Morrels that wait for the A

He fent to fave us from our Woe; His Goodness never fails ; From Death and Hell, and ev'ry Foe; And still his Grace prevails. . IVI.

Give Thanks to God, the heav'nly King, His Mercies still endure; Let the whole Earth his Praises sing, His Truth is ever fure.

CXXXVI.

CXXXVI. As the CXLVIII Pfalm.

T .

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

H. amel adr for

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And spread the Heav'ns alone.

Thy Mercy, Lord, Shall still endure; And ever fure Abides thy Word.

His Wisdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To cheer the darksome Night.

His Pow'r and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
g Have endless Praise.
IV.

He faw the Nations lie

K 5

And

And pity'd the fad State TA had I ad the The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,

Shall fill endure; And ever fure Abides thy Word.

He fent his only Son To fave us from our Woe, From Satan, Sin and Death, And ev'ry hurtful Foe.

His Power and Grace Are still the same: And let his Name Have endless Praise. fore id the where a manage IV erre.

Give Thanks to God alone. To God the heav'nly King; And let the spacious Earth His Works and Glories fing. Thy Mercy, Lord, Lord, Shall still endure; And ever fure Abides thy Word.

> CXXXVI. Long Metre. The Mercy and Truth of God.

IVE to our God immortal Praise! Mercy and Truth are all his Ways; Wonders of Grace to God belong, Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II

Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever shall endure
When Lords and Kings are known no more.
III.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky, And fix'd the starry Lights on high; Wonders of Grace to God belong, Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.

CXXXVII. Long Metre.
The Grace of God in Redemption.

THE Jews he freed from Pharaoh's Hand, And brought them to the promis'd Land; Wonders of Grace to God belong, Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And selt his Pity work within;
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more,
III.

He fent his Son with Pow'r to fave
From Guilt and Darkness, and the Grave;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet, And leads us to his heav'nly Seat; His Mercies ever shall endure, When this vain World shall be no more.

God to be praised and trusted in.

WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue I'll praise my Maker in my Song; Angels shall hear the Notes I raise, Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

Angels that make thy Church their Care Shall witness my Devotion there; While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

I'll fing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord;
I'll fing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory show.

To God I cry'd when Troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes;
He did my rising Fears control,

And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

The God of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

VI.

### VI.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand, Upheld and guarded by thy Hand; Thy Words my fainting Soul revive, And keep my dying Faith alive.

Grace will compleat what Grace begins, To fave from Sorrows or from Sins; The Work that Wisdom undertakes Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

# CXXXIX. First Part. Long Metre. The All-seeing God.

### T.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thy Eye commands with piercing View,
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh with all their Pow'rs.

Within thy circling Pow'r I stand; On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.

## III.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great! What large Extent! What lofty Height! My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast, Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

#### IV.

Could I so false, so faithless prove, To quit thy Service and thy Love, Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun? Or from thy dreadful Glory run? V.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell, there Justice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy Chains.'

Or should I try to shun thy Sight Beneath the spreading Veil of Night, One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray, Wou'd kindle Darkness into Day.

# PAUSE.

## VII.

The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes,
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing Noon.
VIII

Midnight and Noon in this agree, Great God, they're both alike to thee; Not Death can hide what God will spy, And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

IX.

O may these Thoughts possess my Breast, Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest! Nor let my weaker Passions dare Consent to Sin, for God is there.

CXXXIX. Second Part. Long Metre. The wonderful Formation of Man.

WAS from thy Hand, my God, I came, A Work of fuch a curious Frame; In me thy chearful Wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.

Thy Eyes did all my Limbs furvey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

By thee my growing Parts were nam'd, And what thy fov'reign Counfels fram'd, (The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart) Was copy'd with unerring Art.

At last to shew my Maker's Name, God stamp'd his Image on my Frame; And in some unknown Moment join'd The finish'd Members to the Mind.

There the young Seeds of Thought began, And all the Passions of the Man; Great God, our Infant Nature pays Immortal Tribute to thy Praise!

# PAUSE.

# O Skill, for beining Raily cool

Lord, fince in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's bufy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me furmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

VII.

I could furvey the Ocean o'er,

And count each Sand that makes the Shore,

Before

Before

Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

These on my Heart are still imprest, With these I give my Eyes to rest; And at my waking Hours I find God and his Love possess my Mind.

CXXXIX. Third Part. Long Metre.

God the Searcher of all Hearts.

THOU, Lord, by strictest Search hast known. My rifing up, and lying down; My fecret Thoughts are known to thee, Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thy Eye my Bed and Path furveys, My publick Haunts and private Ways; Thou know'ft what 'tis my Lips would vent, My yet unutter'd Words intent.

Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand; XIXXX On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand; O Skill, for human Reach too high! Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!

I vin vate niv Soul O could I fo perfidious be,
To think of once deferting thee! Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun? Or whither from thy Presence run?

# res Switcel Thoughts could one

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light;
If down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.

If I the Morning Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

Or, should I try to shun thy Sight,
Beneath the sable Wings of Night,
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

The Veil of Night is no Disguise, No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes; Thro' midnight Shades thou find'st thy Way, As in the blazing Noon of Day.

CXXXIX. First Part. Common Metre. God Omnipresent.

In vain my Soul wou'd to,
To shun thy Presence, Lord, or shee
The Notice of thy Eye.

Thy all-furrounding Sight furveys My rifing and my Rest, My publick Walks, my private Ways, And Secrets of my Breaft.

My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e're my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Sense I mean.

O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?

Within thy circling Arms I lie, Beset on every Side.

So let thy Grace furround me still,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by fov'reign Love.

# PAUSE.

## VI.

Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire, Forgotten and unknown?

In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire, In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

Should I suppress my vital Breath,
To 'scape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.

VIII.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light I fly beyond the West,

Thy

Thy Hand, which must support my Flight, Would soon betray my Rest.

IX.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw, The Curtains of the Night,

Those slaming Eyes that guard thy Law Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

X.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hour, Are both alike to thee;

O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r, From which I cannot flee!

CXXXIX. Second Part. Common Metre. The Wisdom of God in the Human Frame.

WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possest Where unborn Nature grew;

Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd, And all my Members drew.

III.

The Growth of ev'ry Part;

'Till the whole Scheme, thy Thoughts had laid, Was copy'd by thy Art.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and Fire and Wind, Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;

But

LM CXL

But I review myself, and find Diviner Wonders still. 1900 1901 1901

Thy awful Glories round me shine, My Flesh proclaims thy Praise; And with my Tongue my Soul shall join To celebrate thy Grace.

CXXXIX. Third Part. Common Metre. The Mercies of God acknowledged.

O same Lanc'er stoweds chiles were ORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er, They strike me with Surprize; Not all the Sands that spread the Shore To equal Numbers rife.

II.

My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands, The Product of thy Skill, MANA And hourly Bleffings, from thy Hands,

Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

These on my Heart by Night I keep; How kind, how dear to me ldisale and At

O may the Hour that ends my Sleep Still find my Thoughts with thee!

> CXL. Common Metre. Seeking to God for Help and Safety.

The wife to Beards and I are the RESERVE me, Lord, from wicked Hands, Nor leave my Soul forlorn, A Prey to Sons of Violence, Who have my Ruin fworn,

II. O MIJ

The Proud for me have laid their Snare, And spread their wily Ner;

With Traps and Gins where-e'er I move, I find my Steps befet of Briol Charles

My Eleft proclaims thy. Har

But thus environ'd with Diffres, Thou art my God, I faid

Lord, hear my supplicating Voice, That calls to thee for Aid!

IV.

O Lord, the God whose faving Strength, Kind Succour did convey,

And cover'd my Advent'rous Head In Battle's doubtful Day.

Permit not their unjust Designs, To answer their Desire,

Lest they, encourag'd by Success, and of the To bolder Crimes afpire.

God will affert the poor Man's Cause, And speedy Succour give; The Just shall celebrate his Praise, And in his Presence live.

> CXLI. Common Metre. Daily Watchfulness. tem and Safet

O thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend, Ohaste to my Relief! And with accustom'd Pity hear, The Accents of my Grief. II no have my Ruin (worn

II

Like Morning Incense rise;

My lifted Hands supply the Place, Of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

III.

From hasty Language curb my Tongue,
And let a constant Guard,
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,

With wary Silence barr'd.

IV.

From wicked Men's Designs and Deeds, My Hand and Heart restrain;

Nor let me in the Booty share b' 1000 ball of Of their unrighteous Gain.

V.

But, Lord, to thee I still direct My supplicating Eyes;

O leave not destitute my Soul,
Whose Trust on thee relies!

VÍ.

Do thou preserve me from the Snares, That wicked Hands have laid;

Let them in their own Nets be caught, While my Escape is made.

CXLII. Short Metre.

Looking to God in Affliction.

In deep Diffress I pray'd, Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
My Wrongs before him laid.

II

Thou didst my Steps direct,
When my griev'd Soul despair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure,
They had their Traps prepar'd.

11.

I look'd, but found no Friend
To own me in Diffres;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd

His Pity or Redrefs.

IV.

To God at last I pray'd; Thou Lord, my Resuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
'Till Life itself depart.

V

Reduc'd to greatest Straits,
To thee I make my moan;
O save me from oppressive Foes,
For me too pow'rful grown!

That I may praise thy Name,
My Soul from Prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind Regard to me,
Assembled Saints shall sing.

CXLIII. Long Metre. Complaint under beavy Afflictions.

I.

Y righteous Judge, my gracious God, Hear when I spread my Hands abroad, And cry for Succour from thy Throne, O make thy Truth and Mercy known! II.

For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn; When will thy fmiling Face return? Shall all my Joys on Earth remove, And God for ever hide his Love?

My God, thy long Delay to fave, slool I Will fink thy Pris'ner to the Grave: My Heart grows faint, and dim my Eye; Make hafte to help before I die.

In thee I trust, to thee I figh, And lift my heavy Soul on high; For thee fit waiting all the Day, And wear the tirefome Hours away.

Teach me to do thy holy Will, And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill; Let the good Spirit of thy Love, and or of Conduct me to thy Courts above. 10 1

Then shall my Soul no more complain, The Tempter then shall rage in vain; And Flesh, that was my Foe before, Shall never vex my Spirit more.

CXLIV. First Part. Common Metre. The Grace and Affistance of God owned.

OR ever bleffed be the Lord, My Saviour and my Shield; He fends his Spirit with his Word, To arm me for the Field, who salar O II.

When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.
III.

A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

CXLIV. Second Part. Common Metre.

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

ORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the Dust.

O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That God should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace!

That God who darts his Light'nings down,
Who shakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wond'rous is his Love!

iestoničile **I** y Ways, orostal de thy i telik l CXLV.

The Greatness of God.

I.

Y God, my King, thy various Praise Shall fill the Remnant of my Days; Thy Grace imploy my humble Tongue, 'Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

H.

The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear Some thankful Tribute to thy Ear; And ev'ry seting Sun shall see New Works of Duty done for thee.

IH.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim; Thy Bounty flows an endless Stream; Thy Mercy swift, thy Anger slow, But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

IV.

Thy Works with fov'reign Glory shine; And speak thy Majesty divine; Let Britain round her Shores proclaim The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

V.

Let distant Times and Nations raise, The long Succession of thy Praise; And unborn Ages make my Song, The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

VI.

But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds? Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds; Vast and unsearchable thy Ways, Vast and immortal be thy Praise!

CXLV.

# CXLV. Common Metre. God hearing Prayer.

I.

ET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak, And raise the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies distrest,
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

The Lord supports our tottering Days,
And guides our giddy Youth;
Holy and just are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

He knows the Pain his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their best Wishes to fulfil,
His Grace is ever nigh.

His Mercy never shall remove,
From Men of Heart sincere;
He saves the Souls, whose humble Love

Is join'd with holy Fear.

My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,
And spread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of Adam raise
The Honours of their God.

L 2

CXLVI.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

T.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my Heart shall join In Work so pleasant, so divine; Now while the Flesh is my Abode, And when my Soul ascends to God.

Praise shall imploy my noblest Pow'rs,
While Immortality endures;
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last.
III.

Why should I make a Man my Trust?

Princes must die and turn to Dust;

Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,

And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour.

Happy the Man, whose Hopes rely On Israel's God: He made the Sky, And Earth and Seas with all their Train, And none shall find his Promise vain.

His Truth for ever stands secure; and no le saves th' Opprest, he seeds the Poor; He sends the labouring Conscience Peace, And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord supports the finking Mind;
He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless.

### Me helps the Stramme.IIV

He loves his Saints, he knows them well, But turns the Wicked down to Hell; Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns; Praise him in everlasting Strains.

CXLVI. As the exili Pfalm. Praise to God for bis Providential Care.

'LL praise my Maker with my Breath; And when my Voice is lost in Death, Praise shall imploy my nobler Pow'rs; My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past, While Life and Thought and Being last, Or Immortality endures. While I say the decrease and the say the

Why should I make a Man my Trust; Princes must die and turn to Dust; Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood; Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r, And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour. Nor can they make their Promise good.

.III romife vale

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely On Ifrael's God: He made the Sky, And Earth and Seas with all their Train: His Truth for ever stands secure: He faves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor, And none shall find his Promise vain.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind; The Lord supports the finking Mind; He fends the lab'ring Conscience Peace, He

L 3

041

He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well, But turns the Wicked down to Hell;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns; Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age, In this exalted Work ingage; Praise him in everlasting Strains.

do de VI

I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall imploy my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

CXLVH. First Part. Long Metre.

God's Works wonderful, and Saints lovely in his Sight.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raife, Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise; His Nature and his Works invite, To make this Duty our Delight.

He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames, He counts their Numbers, calls their Names, His Wisdom vast, and knows no Bound, A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

# He bid the Ocean rought him hour !

And all his Glories infinite;
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

# He feeds the Sons was thee What and

# IV.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high, Who spreads his Clouds all round the Sky; There he prepares the fruitful Rain, Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

#### V.

He makes the Grafs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the imiling Fields with Corn;
The Beafts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

What is the Creatures Skill or Force,
The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for him.

## VII

But Saints are lovely in his Sight; He views his Children with Delight; He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear, And looks and loves his Image there.

CXLVII. Second Part. Long Metre. The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

# I.

O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God, And make his Honours known abroad; L 4 He He bid the Ocean round thee flow; Not Bars of Brass could guard thee so. And all this Clores in He

Thy Children are secure and bleft, worder Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest; He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat, And adds his Bleffing to their Meat.

Thy changing Seafons he ordains, and ani? Thy early and thy later Rains; His Flakes of Snow like Wool he fends, And thus the springing Corn defends.

With hoary Frost he strews the Ground, His Hail descends with clatt'ring Sound; Where is the Man fo vainly bold, That dares deny his dreadful Cold?

He bids the Southern Breezes blow; The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow; all all But he hath nobler Works and Ways, To call the Britons to his Praise.

To all the Isle his Laws are shown; His Gospel through the Nation known; He hath not thus reveal'd his Word To ev'ry Land .- Praise ye the Lord.

> CXLVII. Common Metre. The Seasons of the Year.

TITH Songs and Honours founding loud, Address the Lord on high;

O'er

O'er the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud, And Waters veil the Sky.

TI.

He fends his Show'rs of Bleffing down,
To chear the Plains below;

He makes the Grass the Mountains crown, And Corn in Valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing Ox his Meat, He hears the Ravens cry;

But Man who tastes his finest Wheat, Should raise his Honours high.

IV.

His steady Counsels change the Face, Of the declining Year;

He bids the Sun cut short his Race, And wint'ry Days appear.

V

His hoary Frost, his sleecy Snow,
Descend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,

In Icy Fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful Stores on high, He pours the ratt'ling Hail,

The Wretch that dares his God defy, Shall find his Courage fail.

VII.

He fends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow

He calls the warmer Gales to blow, And bids the Spring return.

WHI. of m'val of sar no'O The changing Wind, the flying Cloud, Obey his mighty Word; With Songs and Honours founding loud, Praise ye the fov reign Lord.

# CXLVIII. Proper Metre. The Creator to be Praised.

E Tribes of Adam, join With Heaven and Earth and Seas, And offer Notes divine To your Creator's Praise.

Ye holy Throng Of Angels bright, In Worlds of Light, Begin the Song,

Thou Sun with dazling Rays, And Moon that rules the Night, Shine to your Maker's Praise, With Stars of twinkling Light:

His Pow'r declare, Ye Floods on high, And Clouds that fly, In empty Air.

The thining Worlds above, In glorious Order stand, Or in swift Courses move, By his supreme Command.

He spake the Word, and wrish a line And all their Frame was a said.

From Nothing came
To praise the Lord, and all the line and all their state.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels,
In unknown Ages past,
And each his Word fulfils,
While Time and Nature last.

In diff'rent Ways
His Works proclaim,
His wond'rous Name,
And speak his Praise.

Let all the Nations fear,
The God that rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taste his Love.

While Earth and Sky, aid Ils val Attempt his Praise, a supported that His Saints shall raise and aid and His Honours high.

CXLVIII. Short Metre.
Universal Praise.

To praise the song begin, and sound his Name abroad.

Thou Sun with golden Beams, ogiV 19.1. And Moon with paler Rays, and famile of

SHUW

Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames, Shine to your Maker's Praise. A

From Nothing .ILe

He built those Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame;
By his Command they stand or move,
And ever speak his Name.

And each his Word faleVI

Ye Vapours, when ye rife, and all W Or fall in Show'rs or Snow; his

Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies, His Pow'r and Glory show.

V. And Loak History

Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,
Agree to praise the Lord, and the line and When ye in dreadful Storms conspire of additional to execute his Word.

And inchkes them take AVI ove

By all his Works above,
His Honours be exprest;
But Saints that taste his saving Love,
Should sing his Praises best.

# PAUSE.

VII.

Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that sov'reign Hand,
Whence all your Honours spring.
VIII

To found his Praises high; who M bak

While

While growing Babes and with ring Age, I Their feebler Voices try.

IX.

United Zeal be shown, His wond rous Fame to raise; God is the Lord; his Name alone Deserves our endless Praise.

Х.

Let Nature join with Art, And all pronounce him bleft; But Saints that dwell fo near his Heart, Should fing his Praises best.

CXLIX. Common Metre. The Majesty, Goodness, and Love of God.

to the fire sole and an Add

HEE I will blefs, my God and King, Thy endless Praise proclaim, This Tribute I will daily bring, And ever bless thy Name.

History for every. II. Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great, And highly to be prais'd; Thy Majesty with boundless Height, Above our Knowledge rais'd. I word wold

laws III. in the auding in we Renown'd for mighty Acts thy Fame, will To future Times extends; From Age to Age thy glorious Name, Successively descends.

Shall hill advance his Wind Whilst I thy Glory and Renown, And wond'rous Works express,

The World with me thy Might shall own, And thy great Pow'r confess.

The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
They shall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth, of all their grateful Songs,
Shall be the constant Theme.

# Let Nature join with IV.

The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace, His Pity still supplies;

His Anger moves with flowest Pace,
His willing Mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
To all thy Works exprest;

These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name Is by thy Servants blest.

# Thurst induce I will a little Income

Thy stedfast Throne, from Changes free, Shall stand for ever fast;

Thy boundless Sway no End shall see, world But Time itself out last.

# Thy Majelly with bounXIs

How holy is the Lord, how just, wo evod A. How right ous all his Ways!

For his Affishance prays ! ... I study of X.

My Time to come in Praises spent, Shall still advance his Fame;

And all Mankind, with one Confent, Min's

For ever blefs his Name, were brown back

CL.

CL. Long Metre.

The Goodness of God to be adored by all.

I.

PRAISE the Lord in that bleft Place, From whence his Goodness largely flows! Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face Unveil'd in persect Glory shows.

II.

Praise him for all the mighty Acts,
Which he in our Behalf hath done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
III.

Let all that vital Breath injoy, The Breath he doth to them afford, In just Returns of Praise imploy; Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

CL. Common Metre.
God the Creator to be Praised.

PRAISE God within that facred Place, Where he his Grace bestows; Your wondering Thoughts to Heav'n raise, Where he his Glory shows.

II.

Let all his mighty acts of Pow'r
Your inward Passions move;
That your Acknowledgments may suit,
The Greatness of his Love.

III.

Since all to this Creator owe
That Breath by which they live,
Let ev'ry thing that breathes, to him
Their chearful Praises give.

<del>@\$\$\$@</del>\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

PARAMED GENERAL T 1:20 Little Colland Constitution of the LO rail of The Goodney's of God in the reading his litt. REAL SECTION Lord in that bearinger lawor visconi a monostala omena mortila. Prince human Flence by white the the Fig. of Unrell'a periode Glory bows, to b'llern a Park still Praise him for all the mighty Acts. Whish ponds double hard wang the d His Kindocks this Repartment of the Control Vien Vision states from the well-seque read of the Elle Willia E Meris W. . Iti Let all they vital Breath Indoys. The Board is do done the mission of the call will Tout to ; tolato of Nicios Second To be, Praifed. RAISE God Achtha that facing Place, Where the last days to the laws to a way Your wondering Freughts to Helv'is mile, Where he his Glory thows. Provide halv to the live a bull on the second Let all his miches hat affile ow turger we'll How was a save in enoting by went not M That your Acknowledge floor may bigged Line Caremedla of his Labye. May Ismonochuse in Mad District views Since all to this Creator of our Mate here That Erack by which shep five, while hat Lee ev'ry thing that iffelt hit, to him a see Their chantal Praises abye. **44**676366699990669696969996669669668



# H Y M N S

Along the 2014 F OR

# DIVINE WORSHIP.

With the first virial Breath bei draw in the

HYMN I. Common Metre.

and Reptutes high,

O LORD, how excellent thy Name!
How glorious to behold;
Engraven fair on all thy Works,
In Characters of Gold!

On Heav'ns unmeasurable Face, In Lines immensely great; In small, on ev'ry Leaf and Flow'r, Creator God is writ.

Tho' Reason be not given to all,
Nor Voice to thee, O Sun!
Their Maker all proclaim, and here

Their Language is but one.

IV.

From Land to Land, and World to World, Thy Fame is eccho'd round; And Ages, as they pass, transmit

The never-dying Sound.

V.

Angels, the eldest Sons of Light, Began the lofty Song;

They saw the Heavens unfurl'd abroad, And Earth on Nothing hung.

VI.

Then Man, the last and noblest Piece, Of all this nether Frame,

With the first vital Breath he drew Confest from whence he came.

VII.

And thou, my Soul, what wilt thou do, To speak thy Former's Praise? Harmonious Hymns, and Raptures high, Thy Theme and Thee should raise.

II. Common Metre.

God the Preserver.

I.

BEFORE the Lord our Maker we
With reverent Awe should bow;
Thou Lord, the Maker art of all,
And their Preserver thou!

11.

The Being which thy Pow'r bestow'd,
Thy Providence maintains;
And the whole Mass of things is held
By strong, tho' secret Chains.

## III.

The starry Hosts in Order move, Observant of their Bounds; And ev'ry Year, and ev'ry Day, The Sun Repeats his Round.

Thro' pathless Skies he finds his Road,
Bent of himself to stray,

For God directs his steddy Course,
Along the doubtful Way.

Nor less in things that Subject lie
To Time's all-conqu'ring Pow'r,
Are thy eternal Laws fulfill'd,
By ev'ry short-liv'd Hour.

# Pause.

#### VI.

While Generations rife and fall,
Immortal is the Race;
And Time may shift the fading Scenes,
But not the Earth displace.

What Winter's with'ring Breath destroys, The following Spring Supplies; And Age, in vigorous Youth renew'd,

Beholds itself and dies.

# VIII.

The Life by thee preferv'd, my God, Shall all be spent for thee; And flowing bear thy Praise along Into Eternity. III. Common Metre. God the Sovereign Good.

T.

THOU glorious God, whom none can see, Yet all mankind must own, Our Hearts acknowledge, and to thee We speak in ev'ry Groan.

II.

Our Souls confin'd to darksome Clay,
A sad and heavy Load,
'Midst Fogs of Sense mistake their Way
To thee, their sov'reign Good.

We travel thro' this World of Sin,
As o'er inchanted Ground;
Following the fond delusive Scene,
'Till in Perdition drown'd.

IV.

Heav'n warns us of the dang'rous Road,
And would our Steps recal,
But we must tread where Crouds have trod,
And where they fell we fall.

Great God, dissolve the dreadful Spell, Which does our Reason blind, That rescu'd from the Gates of Hell, We thy Abode may find.

IV. Common Metre.

The Mercies of God gratefully acknowledged.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rifing Soul furveys,
Tranf-

Transported with the View I'm loft, In Wonder, Love, and Praise!

O how shall Words with equal Warmth. The Gratitude declare,

That glows within my ravish'd Heart; But thou canst read it there!

Thy Providence my Life fustain'd, And all my Wants redreft, When in the filent Womb I lay, And hung upon the Breaft.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries, Thy Mercy lent an Ear, E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt, To form themselves in Pray'r.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul, Thy tender Care bestow'd, Before my infant Heart conceiv'd From whom those Comforts flow'd.

When in the flipp'ry Paths of Youth, With heedless Steps I ran, Thy Arm unseen convey'd me safe, And led me up to Man.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths, It gently clear'd my Way, And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice, More to be fear'd than they.

# flot mi wai v bda da w tanen han

### VIII.

When worn with Sickness oft hast thou, With Health renew'd my Face; And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk, Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

#### IX.

Thy bount'ous Hand with worldly Bliss
Hath made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend,
Hath doubled all my Store.

#### X.

Ten thousand thousand precious Gists, My daily Thanks imploy; Nor is the least a chearful Heart, That tastes those Gists with Joy.

#### XI,

Through ev'ry Period of my Life, Thy Goodness I'll pursue; And after Death in distant Worlds, The glorious Theme renew.

#### XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore!
XIII.

Through all Eternity to thee,
A joyful Song I'll raise;
For Oh, Eternity's too short,
To utter all thy Praise!

SEUA

V. Long Metre.

God's Fatherly Protection.

THE Lord my Pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's Care; His Presence shall my Wants supply, And guard me with a watchful Eye.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderness shall smile.

My Noon-Day Walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight Hours defend:
Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread;

My stedfast Heart shall fear no Iil,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

VI. Common Metre.

The Mercy of God pleaded by the Penitent.

WHEN rifing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I fee my Maker Face to Face,
O how shall I appear?
II

If yet, while Pardon may be found, And Mercy may be fought, My Heart with inward Horror shrinks, And trembles at the Thought.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd, In Majesty severe,

And fit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!
IV.

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears,
Shall endless Woe prevent.
V.

Then see the Sorrows of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight.

For never shall my Soul despair,
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd,
To make her Pardon sure.

VII. Long Metre.

God's abundant Goodness and Mercy to be Praised.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God, Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the Pow'rs within me join, In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace! His Favours claim thy highest Praise;

Why.

Why should the Wonders he hath wrought, Be lost in Silence and forgot?

III.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels;
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and faves
Our wasting Lives from threat'ning Graves.

Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs; His Mercy crowns our growing Years; He satisfies our Mouth with Good, And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

V.

His Pow'r he shew'd by Moses' Hands, And gave to Isra'l his Commands; But sent his Truth and Mercy down, To all the Nations by his Son.

VI.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess; Let the whole Earth adore his Grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join, In Work and Worship to divine.

VIII. Common Metre.

God's gracious Regard to bis Creatures.

ORD, we adore thy wond'rous Name,
And make that Name our Trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious Frame,
From mean, and lifeless Dust.

A while these frail Machines endure, The Fabrick of a Day;

en atura to not

Then

Then know their vital Pow'rs no more, But moulder back to Clay.

III.

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt, or fear'd,
This Thought is our Repose,
That he by whom this Frame was rear'd,
It's various Weakness knows.

IV.

Thou view'st us with a pitying Eye,
While strugling with our Load;
In Pains and Dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

V.

Gently supported by thy Love, We tend to Realms of Peace; Where ev'ry Pain shall far remove, And ev'ry Frailty cease.

IX. Long Metre.

God's Name a Foundation of Trust.

I

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims, His various, and his faving Names; O may they not be heard alone, But by our fure Experience known!

Let great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-fufficient Lord,
He thro' the World most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

Awake our noblest Pow'rs to bless The God of Abra'm, God of Peace;

Now

Now by a dearer Title known, Father and God of Christ his Son.

Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear, Is open to his Servants Pray'r;
Nor can one humble Soul complain,
That it has fought it's God in vain.

What unbelieving Heart shall dare, In Whispers to suggest a Fear? While still he owns his ancient Name, The same his Pow'r, his Love the same.

To thee our Souls in Faith arise, To thee we list expecting Eyes; And boldly thro' the Desart tread, For God will guard, where God shall lead.

X. Common Metre.
The dying Christian's Farewel.

Y E golden Lamps of Heav'n, farewel, With all your feeble Light; Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon, Pale Empress of the Night.

II.

And thou refulgent Orb of Day,
In brighter Flames array'd,
My Soul, that fprings beyond thy Sphere,
No more demands thy Aid.

Ye Stars are but the shining Dust, Of my divine Abode,

M 2

The

The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts, Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal Light,
Shall there his Beams display;
Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix,
With that unvary'd Day.

No more the Drops of piercing Grief, Shall fwell into my Eyes; Nor the Meridian Sun decline, Amidst those brighter Skies.

There all the Millions of his Saints,
Shall in one Song unite,
And each the Blifs of all shall view,
With infinite Delight.

XI. Long Metre.

God the Portion and Happiness of the Upright.

Y God, whose all-pervading Eye, ViewsEarthbeneath, and Heav'n above, Witness, if here, or there thou seest An Object of my equal Love.

Not the gay Scenes, where mortal Men,
Pursue their Bliss, and find their Woe,
Detain my rising Heart, which springs the The nobler Joys of Heav'n to know.

Not all the fairest Sons of Light, That lead the Army round thy Throne,

Can

Can bound its Flight; it presseth on, And seeks its Rest in God alone.

IV.

Fix'd near the immortal Source of Bliss,
Dauntless and joyous it surveys
Each Form of Horror and Distress,
That Earth, combin'd with Hell, can raise.

This feeble Flesh shall faint, and die;
This Heart renew its Pulse no more;
Ev'n now it views the Moment nigh,
When Life's last Movements all are o'er.

But come, thou vanquish'd King of Dread,
With thy own Hand thy Pow'r destroy;
'Tis thine to bear my Soul to God,
My Portion, and eternal Joy.

XII. Long Metre.

God the Protector of good Men.

Thou, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing Scene, Hast to thy Saints a Refuge been; Thro' ev'ry Age, eternal God, Their pleasing Home, their safe Abode.

In thee our Fathers fought their Rest; In thee our Fathers still are blest; And, while the Tomb confines their Dust, In thee their Souls abide, and trust.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble Race, A while to fill our Fathers Place;

M 3

Our helpless State with Pity view, And let us share their Refuge too.

IV.

Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace, In this uncertain Wilderness, When Friends desert, and Foes invade, Revive our Heart, and guard our Head.

So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in Flesh no more,
To thee our sep'rate Souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer Home.

VI.

To thee our Infant Race we leave;
Them may their Father's God receive;
That Voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding Hymns of humble Praise.

XIII. Long Metre.

The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully owned.

I N glad Amazement, Lord, I stand, Amidst the Bounties of thy Hand! How numberless those Bounties are! How rich, how various, and how fair!

II.

But O, what poor Returns I make!
What lifeless Thanks I pay thee back!
Lord, I confess with humble Shame,
My Off'rings scarce deserve the Name.

III.

Fain would my lab'ring Heart devise To bring some nobler Sacrifice; It finks beneath the mighty Load,
What shall I render to my God?

To him I consecrate my Praise,
And vow the Remnant of my Days;
Yet what at best can I pretend,
Worthy such Gifts from such a Friend?

In deep Abasement, Lord, I see
My Emptiness and Poverty;
Enrich my Soul with Grace divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.

Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,
That Heav'n may eccho with my Song;
The Theme, too great for Time, shall be
The Joy of long Eternity.

XIV. Long Metre.

Praising God through the whole of our Existence.

OD of my Life, thro' all its Days, My grateful Pow'rs shall sound thy Praise; The Song shall wake with op'ning Light, And warble to the silent Night.

When anxious Cares would break my Rest, And Griess would tear my throbbing Breast, Thy tuneful Praises rais'd on high, Shall check the Murmur, and the Sigh.

When Death o'er Nature shall prevail, And all its Pow'rs of Language fail, M 4 Joy thro' my swimming Eyes shall break, And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.

av as which Viend

But O, when that last Conflict's o'er, And I am chain'd to Flesh no more, With what glad Accents shall I rise, To join the Music of the Skies!

V.

Soon shall I learn th' exalted Strains,
Which eccho o'er the heav'nly Plains;
And emulate with Joy unknown,
The glowing Scraphs round thy Throne.

The chearful Tribute will I give, Long as a deathless Soul can live; A Work so sweet, a Theme so high, Demands, and crowns Eternity.

# XV. Common Metre.

The Goodness of God appearing in the whole Frame of Nature.

how minusphi

I ORD, thou art good; all Nature shews
Thee full, and free, and kind;
Thy Bounty through Creation slows,
Nor can it be confined.

II.

The whole and ev'ry Part proclaims
Unlimited Good-will;
It shines in Stars, and flows in Streams,
And broods on ev'ry Hill.

### III.

It spreads through all the spreading Main, And Heav'ns which spread more wide; It drops in ev'ry Show'r of Rain, And rolls on ev'ry Tide.

This makes the heav'nly People fing, Their Hearts with Transport glow; Supplies and comforts ev'ry Thing, That lives and moves below.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free, Thro' Ages past and gone; Nor ever can exhausted be, But fill keeps flowing on.

Still on this all it pours Supplies, Spreads Joy thro' ev'ry Part; Lord, let such Goodness draw my Eyes, And captivate my Heart.

Let it high Admiration raise, And strong Affection move; Imploy my Tongue in Songs of Praise, And fill my Heart with Love.

> XVI. Long Metre. On glorifying of God.

TES, Lord, fince I am wholly thine, I'll give thee ev'ry Thing that's mine; My Body, Soul, and Substance too; 'Tis only yielding up thy Due. M 5

II.

My Mind, and all its Pow'rs shall be, Henceforth devoted all to thee; I'll think and chuse, resolve and love, As thou shall dictate, and approve.

For thee my Wealth shall be injoy'd, My Time and Strength for thee imploy'd; And ev'ry Appetite and Sense, Restrain'd from giving thee Offence.

For thee I'll Health and Ease forego, I'll Pain endure, and welcome Woe; Nor when requir'd will I refuse, My very Life for thee to lose.

Thus still to act, is to pursue
The End I still should have in View;
And whilst I live, and when I die,
My gracious God to glorify.

XVII. Common Metre. God's fovereign Dominion.

A LMIGHTY God, thy pow'rful Word, From nothing all Things brought! Earth, Seas, and Skies, by thee their Lord, With Skill divine were wrought!

By thee preferv'd the whole remains, A Proof of Pow'r divine; And all that this great all contains, By fov'reign Right is thine. III.

Thou over all art Lord supreme,
All else from thee derive;
No Being can dispute this Claim,
Or independent live.

IV

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,
To thee our all resign;
Entire to thee ourselves we vow,
For we are wholly thine.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live, From other Lords withdrawn; No more to Sin Obedience give, Nor think ourselves our own.

Accept what now, without Reserve, We to thy Will resign; And let thy mighty Grace preserve, And perfect what is thine.

XVIII. Long Metre. Giving Thanks to God.

YES, Lord, my joyful Thanks to thee, Shall, like my Debts, continual be; In constant Streams thy Bounty flows, Nor End, nor Intermission knows.

Thy Kindness all my Comforts gives,.

My num'rous Wants thy Hand relieves;

Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,

Who live on thy exhaustless Store.

III.

If what I wish thy Will denies,
'Tis because thou art good and wise;
Afflictions which may make me mourn,
Thou canst, thou dost to Blessings turn.
IV.

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful Breaft, Let all thy Favours be imprest, That I may never more forget, The Sum, or any single Debt.

I would with grateful Heart each Day, For all thy Gifts my Praises pay; And always well-dispos'd would be, In all Things to give Thanks to thee.

XIX. Common Metre. The Frailty of human Life.

ORD, what a feeble Frame is our's!
How vain a thing is Man!
How frail are all his boasted Pow'rs!
And short, at best, his Span!

Swift as the feather'd Arrow flies, And cuts the yielding Air; Or as a kindling Meteor dies, E'er it can well appear.

So pass our fleeting Years away, And Time runs on its Race; In vain we ask a Moment's Stay, Nor will it stack its Pace.

#### IV.

But, Lord, what mighty Things depend,
On our precarious Breath!

And foon this dying Life will end, In endless Life or Death.

V.

Oh, make us truly wife to learn, How very frail we are;

That we may mind our grand Concern, And for our Change prepare!

May think of Death, and learn to die, To all inferior Things;

Whilst our glad Souls still soaring fly, Tow'rds Life's eternal Springs.

Then may we bid our Years roll on, And Time make haste away; The sooner will our Souls be gone, To endless Life and Day.

XX. Long Metre.

A Thought of Sickness and Death.

Y Soul, the Minutes haste away;
Apace comes on th' important Day,
When in the icy Arms of Death,
I must give up my vital Breath.

Look forward to the awful Scene, How wilt thou be affected then? When from on high some sharp Disease, Resistless shall these Vitals seize.

III.

When worldly Glories fade away, Fast as I feel my Life decay; Still dwindling till they disappear, Like Vapours lost in empty Air.

When all Eternity's in Sight;
The brightest Day, or blackest Night;
One Shock will break the Building down,
And wast thee swift to Worlds unknown.

Oh, come, my Soul, the Matter weigh! How wilt thou leave thy kindred Clay? And how the unknown Regions try, And launch into Eternity?

By Faith the heav'nly Realms explore, Oft try the Wings, and upward foar; Be dead to Earth, dwell much on high, Then calmly live, and bravely die.

XXI. Long Metre.

Going the Way whence we shall not return.

BEHOLD the Path that Mortals tread, Down to the Regions of the Dead! Nor will the fleeting Moments stay, Nor can we measure back the Way.

Our Kindred and our Friends are gone; Know, O my Soul, this Doom thy own! Feeble as their's my mortal Frame, The same my Way, my House the same.

III.

- III.

From vital Air, from chearful Light,
To the cold Grave's perpetual Night;
From Scenes of Duty, Means of Grace,
Must I to God's Tribunal pass.

IV.

Awake, my Soul, thy Way prepare, And lose in this each mortal Care; With steddy Feet that Path be trod, Which thro' the Grave conducts to God.

My God to thee my all I trust!
And if thou call me down to Dust,
I know thy Voice, I bless thy Hand,
And die in Smiles at thy Command.

What was my Terror, is my Joy; These Views my brightest Hopes imploy, To go, e'er many Years are o'er, Secure I shall return no more.

> XXII. Short Metre. Support in the View of Death.

BEHOLD the gloomy Vale,
Which thou my Soul must tread,
Beset with Terrors sierce and pale,
That leads thee to the Dead!

Ye pleasing Scenes, adieu, Which I so long have known; My Friends, a long Farewel to you, For I must pass alone. III.

And thou, beloved Clay,
Long Partner of my Cares,
In this rough Path art torn away,
With Agony and Tears.

IV.

But see a Ray of Light,
With Splendors all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful Realms of Night,
And makes its Horrors shine.

V

Where Death and Darkness reigns, Jehovah is my Stay; His Rod my trembling Feet sustains, His Staff desends my Way.

Dear Shepherd, lead me on;
My Soul disdains to sear,
Death's gloomy Phantoms all are flown,
Now Life's great Lord is near.

XXIII. Common Metre.
The Ways of the Upright known to God.

My Soul injoys the Thought;
My Actions all before thy Face,
Nor are my Faults forgot.

Each fecret Breath Devotion vents
Is vocal to thy Ear;
And all my Walks of daily Life
Before thy Eye appear.

#### III.

The vacant Hour, the active Scene,
Thy Mercy shall approve,
And ev'ry Pang of Sympathy,
And ev'ry Care of Love.

#### IV.

Each golden Hour of beaming Light,
Is gilded by thy Rays,
And dark Afflictions midnight Gloom,

And dark Afflictions midnight Gloom,

A prefent God furveys.

#### V.

Full in thy View thro' Life I pass,
And in thy View I die;
And, when each mortal Bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

Strip'd of its little earthly all, My Soul in Smiles shall go; And in a heav'nly Heritage, It's Father's Bounty know.

## XXIV. Common Metre.

The timorous Saint encouraged by the Assurance of divine Hope.

#### I.

A N D art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our Fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

#### 11.

Doth thy right Hand, which form'd the Earth, And bears up all the Skies, Stretch Stretch from on high its friendly Aid, When Dangers round us rise?

Dost thou a Father's Bowels feel
For all thy humble Saints?
And in such tender Accents speak
To sooth their sad Complaints?
IV.

On this Support my Soul shall lean,
And banish ev'ry Care;
The gloomy Vale of Death must smile,
If God be with me there.

While I his gracious Succour prove 'Midst all my various Ways,
The darkest Shades, thro' which I pass,
Shall eccho with his Praise.

XXV As the cxiii Pfalm.

The dying Christian.

O VITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame!
Resign and quit thy mortal Frame;
Tho' trembling, hoping, ling'ring, slying,
How vast the Pain, the Bliss of dying!
Cease, cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
And let me languish into Life.

Hark, hark, they whisper, Angels say, "Come, Sister Spirit, come away;" But what is this absorbs me quite!

Which

Which steals my Senses, shuts my Sight!
Which drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath!
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The World recedes, it disappears,
Heav'n opens on my Eyes, my Ears
With sweetest Sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount, I sty,
O Grave where is thy Victory!
O Death, where is thy pointed Sting!

XXVI. Long Metre. Deliverance celebrated.

REAT Source of Life, our Souls confess
The various Riches of thy Grace;
Crown'd with thy Mercy we rejoice,
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

By thee Heav'n's shining Arch was spread, By thee were Earth's Foundations laid, And all the Charms of Men's Abode, Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

Thy tender Hand restores our Breath, When trembling near the Verge of Death; Gently it wipes away our Tears, And lengthens Life to suture Years.

These Lives are sacred to the Lord; Kindled by him, by him restor'd: And while our Hours renew their Race, Still would we walk before his Face.

V.

So when our Souls by him are led, Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead; With Joy triumphant shall they move, To Seats of nobler Life above.

XXVII. Long Metre. The Goodness of God invariable.

I.

TERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!
Well may thy Praise our Lips imploy,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Thy Goodness crowns the circling Year.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll, Thy Hand supports the steddy Pole The Sun is taught by thee to rise, And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

III.

The flow'ry Spring at thy Command, Embalms the Air, and paints the Land; The Summer Rays with Vigor shine, To raise the Corn, and chear the Vine.

Seafons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days, Demand successive Songs of Praise;

Still be the chearful Homage paid, With op'ning Light, and Ev'ning Shade.

Here in thy House shall Incense rise, As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes; Still will we make thy Mercies known Around thy Board, and round our own.

VI.

#### VI.

O may our more harmonious Tongues, In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs; And in those brighter Courts adore, Where Days and Years revolve no more!

XXVIII. Common Metre.

God's Mercy and Grace to bis Creatures.

I

UR Souls with pleafing Wonder view,
The Bounties of thy Grace;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
For them that seek thy Face!

Thy lib'ral Hand with worldly Blifs,
Oft makes their Cup run o'er,
And in the Cov'nant of thy Love,
They find diviner Store.

III.

Here Mercy hides their num'rous Sins;
Here Grace their Souls renews;
Here thy own reconciled Face,
Doth heav'nly Beams diffuse.

IV.

But Oh, what Treasures yet unknown,
Are lodg'd in Worlds to come!

If these th' Injoyments by the Way,
How happy is their Home!

And what shall mortal Worms reply?
Or how such Goodness own?
But 'tis our Joy that, Lord, to thee
Thy Servants Hearts are known.

VI.

Since Time's too short, all-gracious God,
To utter all thy Praise,
Loud to the Honour of thy Name
Eternal Hymns we'll raise.

XXIX. As the extri Pfalm.
The happy Man.

BLEST is the Man who fears the Lord,
And walks with Pleasure in his Ways,
Who trembles at his holy Word,
And gladly his Commands obeys:

His House with Bleffings shall abound, His Seed be mighty and renown'd.

II.

A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart, His Kindness widely he extends; The Poor in all his Wealth have Part, To some he gives, to others lends:

Yet what his Bounty wastes, repairs By wisely ord'ring his Affairs.

When Times with dismal Face appear,
By frightful Clouds and Gloom o'erspread,
His Heart shall entertain no Fear,
Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head:
His Faith shall bear his Courage up,

And God approve, and crown his Hope.

When raging Waves and Tempests roar, And Sinners and their Hopes are drown'd; He'll He'll sit, and see it, safe on Shore, With Life and with Salvation crown'd: On Earth Renown, and Heav'n above Shall recompence his Faith and Love.

XXX. Long Metre. Properties of Charity.

ET Men of high Conceit and Zeal,
Their Fervours, and their Faith proclaim;
If Charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a founding Name.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the Mind, And Zeal to fet the World on Fire; But Charity is calm and kind, And gentle Thoughts will still inspire.

She's meek and patient, suff'ring long, But slowly her Resentments rise; Soon she forgets the greatest Wrong, But Rage and all Revenge desies.

She envies none their better State, But makes her Neighbour's Bliss her own; Nor vaunts herself with Mind elate, But still a modest Air puts on.

She drives all Malice from her Breast,
To ill Suspicions ne'er gives Way;
But ever hopes and thinks the best,
And, as she thinks, is apt to say.

VI.

This is the Grace that reigns on high, And brightly will for ever burn; When Hope shall in Injoyment die, And Faith to Sight triumphant turn.

XXXI. As the cxiii Pfalm. God's Government.

T.

Y E Subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal Honours of his Name;
"Jehovah reigns," be all your Song:
"Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious Strains
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

Ye Princes, boast no more your Crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring Trisles down
In lowly Honours at his Feet:
A Span your narrow Empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created Rounds,

In felf-fufficient Glory great.

III.

Tremble, ye Pageants, of a Day,
Form'd like your Slaves of brittle Clay,
Down to the Dust your Sceptres bend:
To everlasting Years he reigns,
And undiminish'd Pomp maintains,
When Kings, and Suns, and Time shall end.

So shall his favour'd Zion live; In vain confed'rate Nations strive Her facred Turrets to destroy: Her Sov'reign sits inthron'd above, And endless Pow'r, and endless Love Insure her Safety, and her Joy.

XXXII. Common Metre.

Gratitude and Submission to God.

T.

WHAT Bleffings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' injoy is to obey.

11.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing Hand Presume thy Bolts to throw; Or deal Damnation round the Land On each I judge thy Foe.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I fee;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

PAUSE.

V

If I am right, thy Grace impart Still in the right to stay; If I am Wrong, Oh teach my Heart of the To find that better Way.

VI.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

VII.

Mean though I am, not wholly for Since quicken'd by thy Breath;

O lead me wherefo'er I go, Through this Day's Life, or Death. VIII.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot, All else beneath the Sun,

Thou know'ft if best bestow'd, or not, And let thy Will be done.

IX.

To thee whose Temple is all Space, Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies, One Chorus let all Beings raise! All Nature's Incense rise!

XXXIII: Long Metre.

God our beavenly Father.

F ATHER of all, inthron'd above,
Eternal Honours crown thy Name!
Thy Kingdom come with Pow'r, and Love,
'Till Earth like Heav'n approve the same.

Lord, make our daily Wants thy Care, Forgive our Sins which taint the Mind;

May

May we fuch Mercy ever thare, which has we to Mercy are inclined.

III.

From dang rous Snares defend each Hour, And let no Evil press us fore; For thine's the Kingdom, thine the Pow'r, The Glory's thine for evermore.

God our constant Benefactor.

T

Orects its first Estays!

Inspire my Heart to raise the Song,
Which celebrates thy Praise.

II.

From thy almighty forming Hand,

I drew my vital Pow'rs;

My Time revolves at thy Command,

In all it's circling Hours.

TIL TIL

Thy Pow'r, my ever-present Guard, From ev'ry Ill defends;

While num'rous Dangers me furround, My Help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the thadow of thy Wings,
How fweet is my Repose!

The Morning-Light revives the Springs,
From whence my Comfort flows.

In celebration of thy Praise,

Let me imploy my Breath;

And

And walking stedfast in thy Ways,
I'll triumph over Death. F.

XXXV. Long Metre.
For spreading Divine Knowledge.

INDULGENT Sov'reign of the Skies, And wilt thou bow thy gracious Ear? While feeble Mortals raise their Cries, Wilt thou the great Jehovah hear?

Look down, O God, with pitying Eye, And view the Desolation round; See what wide Realms in Darkness lie, And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

Loud let the Gospel-Trumpet blow, And call the Nations from afar; Let all the Isles their Saviour know, And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

With gentle Beams on Britain shine, And bless her Princes, and her Priests; And by thy Energy divine, Let sacred Love o'erslow their Breasts.

Triumphant here let Jesus reign, And on his Vineyard sweetly smile; While all the Virtues of his Train, Adorn our Church, and bless our life.

On all our Souls let Grace descend,
Like heav'nly Dew, in copious Show'rs;
That

That we may call our God our Friend, That we may hail Salvation our's.

Then shall each Age and Rank agree, United Shouts of Joy to raise; And Zion, made a Praise by thee, To thee shall render back the Praise.

God the Support and Guardian of the Poor!

PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the Sky, Who, from his lofty Throne, Looks down on all that humble lie, And calls fuch Souls his own.

The haughty Sinner he disdains,
Tho' Gems his Temples crown;
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride,
His Vengeance hurls him down.

On his afflicted pious Poor,
He makes his Face to shine,
He fills their Cottages of Clay
With Lustre all divine.

Among the meanest of thy Flock,
There let my Dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded Roofs,
If absent, Lord, from thee.

Poor and afflicted though we are, In thy strong Name we trust,

And

And bless the Hand of sov'reign I ove, Which lifts us from the Dust.

### XXXVII. Common Metre.

God's Condescension in his tender Care of Mankind.

|       |        |                              | 1.      | 11      |       |   |
|-------|--------|------------------------------|---------|---------|-------|---|
| A     | ND     | will th                      | e Maje  | efty of | Heav  | n |
| A     | Ac     | cept us                      | for h   | is Shee | 5 ds  |   |
| And y | with a | will the<br>cept us<br>Sheph | erd's t | ender   | Care. |   |
|       |        | rthless                      |         |         |       | 5 |
| 1     | 4 4 1  | ob ano                       | Trongs. |         |       |   |

And will he spread his guardian Arms
Round our desenceles Head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his resreshing Shade?

And will he lead our weary Souls

To that delightful Scene,

Where Rivers of Salvation flow

Thro' Pastures ever green ? Tills id 10

What Thanks can mortal Men repay

For Favours great as thine?

Or how can Tongues of feeble Clay

Proclaim fuch Love divine?

How richly gracious Thou ! I had a !!

Our Souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble Joy, In filent Transports bow Sills has food

HIVXXX

but

The awful God.

I.

SING to the Lord, ye heav nly Hosts,
And thou, O Earth, adore!
Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts
Stand trembling at his Pow'r.

His founding Chariot shakes the Sky,

He makes the Clouds his Throne;

There all his Stores of Light ning sie,

Till Vengeance darts them down.

III.

His Nostrils breathe out fiery Streams, And from his awful Tongue
A fov'reign Voice divides the Flames, And Thunder roars along.

IV

Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad!

What shall the Wretch, the Sinner do!
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his Word.

XXXIX. Common Metre. The divine Glories above our Reason.

How wond'rous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be, in a wo but

N 4

Who

Our Reason stretches all its Wings, And climbs above the Skies;

But still how far beneath thy Feet, Our grov'ling Reason lies!

Lord, here we bend our humble Souls, And awfully adore;
For the weak Pinions of our Mind

Can stretch a Thought no more.

Thy Glories infinitely rife Above our lab'ring Tongue; mon bak In vain the highest Seraph tries, To form an equal Song.

> XL. Short Metre. God's Kindness in Affliction.

OW gracious and how wife Is our chaftifing God! And O, how rich his Bleffings are, Which bloffom from his Rod!

He lifts it up on high With Pity in his Heart, That ev'ry Stroke his Children feel May Grace and Peace impart. III.

Instructed thus they bow, 11 dow wo And own his fov'reign Sway, while

00 74

They

They turn their erring Footsteps back To his forlaken Way. HARALE DEPORTMENT

His Cov'nant-Love they feek, And feek the happy Bands,
That closer still ingage their Hearts To honour his Commands.

Dear Father, we consent To Discipline divine;

And bless the Pains, that make our Souls Still more compleatly thine.

> XLI, Long Metre. The Christian Race.

WAKE, our Souls (away our Fears, Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone) Awake, and run the heav'nly Race, And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road, And mortal Spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r, Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless Years Their everlasting Circles run.

From thee, the ever-flowing Spring, mo oil Our Souls shall draw a large Supply;

While fuch as feek refreshing Draughts, Van T From mortal Streams thall droop and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air, and vod sill We'll mount aloft to thy Abode; and bal On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly, Nor tire amidft the heavinly Road.

> Short Metre day 750 Preserving Grace ildill oT And blefs the Paine that make our Souls

10 God the only wife, positing like Our Saviour, and our King, Let all the Saints below the Skies Their humble Praises sing.

'Tis his almighty Love, His Council and his Care. Preferves us fafe from Sin and Death, And ev'ry hortful Snare, white do a sug ba A.

He will present our Souls hand a air soul Unblemish'd and compleat, a lanom bank Before the Glory of his Face, 199101 years and With Toys divinely great.

Then all the faithful Seed Shall meet around the Throne, wan tave al Shall blefs the Conduct of his Grace, The brid And make his Wonders known.

To our most gracious God, salt more. Wildom and Pow'r belongs,

Im-

Our Souls that

I hat feeds the S

Immortal Crowns of Majerty? 125 month bind V. And everlatting Songs and der tomican i

XLIII. Common Metre as as pliwe Obedience to our beavenly Fathern 1191 in Wings of Love our Soils that fly - 1

Y God, my Father, Ladore & STI That dear commanding Name; Twill my whole Soul to Life restore. And kindle all my Flame. daw free troin Etain its. Hartace i

Entire I bow to thy Commands Thus filial Homage pay;

With Heart and Life, with Tongue and Hands I'll chearfully obey. The language IV

O may it all our Louis alle, I'll wilfully no more transgress, and all A As I too oft have done and long of all

But ev'ry finful Thought suppres, while told Each finful Action thun Allow ri bnA

Bot deep interiblicon et .. VIII cont. Each Day I live, I'll feek with Care My Father well to please; And in this Course will persevere had an a

By thy affifting Grace. goin bion will

That thee tabellious to vilk Low is Thus will I close Relation claim, is a ward And prove myself thy Son;

And whilft I bear the glorious Name briefles My Father's Rights will own. and india As the faint dawning Lid'V improves.

I will, but thou must Strength impart, o' This Promife to fulfil; Lord.

Lord, write thy Laws upon my Heart, That I may do thy Will!

XLIV. Common Metre.

The gracious Affistance of God implored.

That dear demmifiding, Name ;

BEHOLD the Glass the Gospel lends,
That Men themselves may view;
How free from Stain its Surface is!
How polished and how true!

Thought and I long at the

Behold that wife, that perfect Law,
Which noblest Freedom gives!
O may it all our Souls refine,
And fanctify our Lives!

Not with a transient Glance survey'd,
And in an Hour forgot;
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry Heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry Thought.

ev'ry Thought.

Great Author of each perfect Gift,
Thy quick ning Grace display,
That these rebellious roving Pow'rs,
May hearken and obey.

Inspir'd by thee, our feeble Souls
Shall pass victorious on;
As the faint dawning Light improves,
To all the Blaze of Noon.

MilaI

XLV.

Holiness and Comfort from the Word of God.

ORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Lust.

II.

Thy Precepts often I survey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Business of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
"How sweet thy Comforts be,"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
And bring their Thanks to thee.

And when my Spirit drinks her fill,
At some good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that share the Spoil,
Have Joys compar'd to mine,

God the Searcher of our Thoughts and Ways.

OD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost Mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear;

The

The painted Hypocrites are known Thro' the Disguise they wear.

Their lifted Eyes falute the Skies, Their bending Knees the Ground; But God abhors the Sacrifice, Where not the Heart is found. low kind his Wece

Lord, fearch my Thoughts and try my Ways, And make my Soul fincere; Then shall I stand before thy Face, And find Acceptance there.

> XLVII. Long Metre. Searching and trying our Ways.

HY piercing Eye O God, furveys, The various Windings of our Ways; Teach us their Tendency to know, and the And judge the Paths in which we go.

Had not thy Mercy been our Aid, So fatally our Feet had stray'd, Stern Justice had its Pris'ners lead, Down to the Chambers of the Dead.

O turn us back to thee again, Or we shall fearch our Ways in vain; Shine, and the Path of Life reveal, And bear us on to Zion's Hill availant

Roll on, ye fwift-revolving Years, o and over And end this round of Sins and Cares

No more a Wand'rer would I roam, But near my Father fix at home.

XLVIII. Short Metre. 300 0 11

God's Care of those that trust in him.

the Sacrift

How kind his Precepts are!

Come cast your Burdens on the Lord,

And trust his constant Care.

II.

While Providence supports,
Let Saints securely dwell;
That Hand, which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his Children well.

Why should this anxious Load, Press down your weary Mind? Haste to your heav nly Fathers Throne, And sweet Resreshment find.

His Goodness stands approved
Down to the present Day;

I'll drop my Burden at his Feet,
And bear a Song away.

XLIX. Common Metre.

God's Protection and Grace relied on.

ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine,
I fear before thee all the Day,

Nor would I dare to Sin.

And while I rest my weary Head From Cares, and Business free, 'Tis sweet conversing on my Bed With my own Heart, and thee,

I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice; And when my Work is done, Great God, my Faith and Hope relies Upon thy Grace alone.

Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace, I'll give my Eyes to sleep; Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days, And will my Slumbers keep. Shing Hade.

L. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

LEST is the Man who shuns the Place, Where Sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wicked Ways, And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

But in the Statutes of the Lord, Hath plac'd his chief Delight; By Day he reads, or hears the Word, And meditates by Night.

Green as the Leaf, and ever fair Shall his Profession shine; While Fruits of Holiness appear Like Clusters on the Vine.

Not so the Impious and Unjust;
What vain Designs they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Dust,
Or Chast before the Storm.

Sinners in Judgment shall not stand,
Amongst the Sons of Grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right Hand,
Appoints his Saints a Place.

VI.

His Eyes behold the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

LI. Common Metre. God's Eternity.

I.

R ISE, rife my Soul, and leave the Ground,
Stretch all my Thoughts abroad;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful Sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

II.

Long e'er the lofty Skies were spread, Jehovah fill'd his Throne; Or Adam form'd, or Angels made, The Maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundless Years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their Prime;
ETERNITY'S his dwelling Place,
And EVER is his Time.

While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
The present, and the past,
He fills his own immortal Now,
And sees our Ages waste.

The Sea and Sky must perish too,
And vast Destruction come;
The Creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery Doom!

Well, let the Sea shrink all away,
And Flame melt down the Skies,
My God shall live an endless Day,
When th' old Creation dies.

LH. Common Metre. Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

Y drowfy Pow'rs, why steep ye so?

Awake my sluggish Soul;

Nothing hath half thy Work to do,

Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a Heav'n t'obtain
How negligent we live!

We, for whose Sake the Sun still shines,
And Moons their Courses move;
We, for whose Guard the Angel-Bands,
Come slying from above.

**IV.** 

We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How carelels to fecure that Crown,

He purchas'd with his Blood! and bak

V

Lord, shall we lie fo sluggish still,

And never act our Parts!

Come heavinly Grace, from God the Source, And animate our Hearts

VI

Then shall our active Spirits move, Upward our Souls shall rife;

With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love, We'll fly to take the Prize.

# Christian Virtues.

T.

STRAIT is the Way, the Door is strait
That leads to Joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
While Crowds mistake, and die.

Beloved Self must be deny'd,
The Mind and Will renew'd;
Passion suppress'd, and Patience try'd,
And vain Desires subdu'd.

III.

The Love of Gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile Idolatry)
And every Member, every Sense,
In sweet Subjection lie.

The Tongue, that most unruly Pow'r, Town Requires a strong Restraint; under but Me must be watchful ev'ry Hour, but work And pray, but never faint.

Lord, can a feeble, helples Worm, for the Fulfil a Work so hard?

Thy Grace will aid us to perform, and an an And give a large Reward.

LIV. Common Metre.
Unfruitfulness under Gospel Privileges.

ONG have I fat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a Portion of thy Grace,
My Memory can retain!

Thou great Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleffings of thy Throne!

How cold and feeble is my Love!

How negligent my Fear!

How low my Hope of Joys above!

How few Affections there!

W.

Great God, thy quick ning Pow'r impart To give thy Word Success; Write thy Salvation in my Heart, And make me learn thy Grace.

Shew my forgetful Feet the Way That leads to Joys on high; There Knowledge grows without Decay, And Love shall never die.

> LV. Common Metre. Frailty and Folly.

OW short and hasty is our Life! How vaft our Souls Affairs! Yet senseles Mortals vainly strive To lavish out their Years.

Our Days run thoughtlessly along, Without a Moment's stay; Just as a Story, or a Song, We pass our Lives away.

God from on high invites us Home, But we march heedless on; And ever half ning to the Tomb, Stoop downwards as we run.

How they deferve that Blifs to lofe, sting

Who flight the Joys above! What Chains of Vengeance may they fear, Who break fuch Cords of Love! of J

Draw us, O God, with for reign Grace, And lift our Thoughts on high; That we may end this mortal Race, And fee Salvation nigh. And fee Salvation beat

> LVI. Common Metre. Life frail, Eternity approaching.

I here Knowledge grows I hout Decay HEE we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee, How feeble is our mortal Frame! What dying Worms are we!

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still, As Months and Days increase; And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell Leaves but the Number less of dival of

III. Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground To pulh us to the Tomb; In modified And fierce Diseases wait around

To hurry Mortals Home, 100 alan sW:

Good God, on what a flender Thread, boo Hang everlasting Things! Things ! Th' eternal States of all that die, I rove had Upon Life's feeble Strings ! was access

Infinite Joy, or endless Woe also works woll ! Attends on every Breath; addition W And yet how unconcern'd we go to sail Upon the Brink of Death. Joseph de W

VI.

VI.

Waken, O Lord, our drowfy Sense To walk this dang'rous Road; And if our Souls are hurry'd hence, May they be found with God!

LVII. Common Metre.

The Misery of being without God in this World.

O, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great;
Tho' they increase their golden Store,
And rise to wond'rous Height.

II.

They taste of all the Joys that grow Upon this earthly Clod; Well, they may search the Creature thro', For they have ne'er a God.

Shake off the Thought of dying too,
And think your Life your own;
But Death comes hast ning on to you
To mow your Glory down.

Yes, you must bow your stately Head, Away your Spirit slies; And no kind Angel near your Bed To bear it to the Skies.

V.
Go now, and boast of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Dust are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVIII.

LVIII. Common Metre. A Funeral Thought.

ARK, from the Tombs a doleful Sound! My Ears attend the Cry; Ye living Men come view the Ground,

Where you must shortly lie."

" Princes, this Clay must be your Bed, In Spight of all your Tow'rs;

The Tall, the Wise, the Rev'rend Head, Must lie as low as our's." our or alin both.

111.

Great God, is this our certain Doom? And are we still fecure?

Still walking downwards to our Tomb, And yet prepare no more? For they

Give us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace, To fit our Souls to fly;

Then when we drop this dying Flesh, We'll rise above the Sky.

> LIX. Common Metre. The Death and Burial of a Saint.

HY do we mourn departing Friends? Or shake when Death draws nigh? The Messenger which Jesus sends, To call them to the Sky of bas won of And tell how briefish II ou fi

Are we not tending upward too, the too As fast as Time can move? I you bank

Nor.

T

T

T

Nor would we wish the Hours more slow, To keep us from our Love.

III.

Why should we tremble to convey

Their Bodies to the Tomb?

'Twas there the Flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long Persume.

IV.

The Graves of all the Saints he bleft, And foften'd ev'ry Bed;

Where should the dying Members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way;
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall sty
At the great Rising Day.

Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,
And bid our Kindred rise;
Awake ye Nations under Ground,
Ye Saints ascend the Skies.

LX. Common Metre.

Man's necessary Dependence on God.

HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound, To God's upholding Hand; Ten thousand Snares attend us round, And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing Pow'r Which rais'd us with a Word;

And

And every Day, and every Hour, We lean upon the Lord.

III.

The Evining refts our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room;
We wake, and we admire the Bed
Which was not made our Tomb.

The rifing Morn cannot affure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door
To take our Lives away.

V.

God is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings;
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night
Beneath his shady Wings.

LXI. Common Metre.
Submission in afflictive Providences.

THE dear Delights we here injoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short Favours, borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

II.

'Tis God who lifts our Comforts high,
Or finks them in the Grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his Name,
He takes but what he gave.
III.

Peace all our angry Passions then, Let each rebellious Sigh, Be filent at his fov'reign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

If smiling Mercy crowns our Lives,
Its Praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the Justice too,
That strikes our Comforts dead.

#### LXII. Long Metre.

The Conquest of Death and Grief by Views of the Heavenly State.

IFT up, ye Saints, your weeping Eyes, Suspend your Sorrows and your Sighs; Turn all your Groans to joyful Songs, Which Jesus dictates to your Tongues.

II.

Thus faith the Saviour from his Throne, "Behold all former Things are gone, Past like an anxious Dream away, Chas'd by the golden Beams of Day."

"See in celestial Pomp array'd,
A new-created World display'd;
Mark with what Light its Prospects shine!
How grand, how various, how divine!"
IV.

"There my own gentle Hand shall dry, Each Tear from each o'erflowing Eye; For ever there my People dwell, Beyond the Rage of Death and Hell."

0 2

De filent at his fog'regen. Vill Vain King of Terrors, boaft no more Thy ancient wide extended Pow'r; Each Saint in Life with Christ his Head Shall reign, when thou thyfelf art dead.

> LXIII: Long Metre. Parting with carnal Joys.

SEND the Joys of Earth away Away ye Tempters of the Mind, Falle as the smooth deceitful Sea, And empty as the whiftling Wind.

Your Streams have carry'd Souls along, Down to the Gulf of black Despair; And if I liften to your Songs more and it My dreadful Portion must be there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless Grace, The Control of t That warns me of that dark Abyss; That draws me from those treach'rous Seas, And bids me feek superior Blis.

Now to the shining Realms above, I stretch my Hands, and raise my Eyes; O for the Pinions of a Dove, To bear me to the upper Skies!

There from the Presence of my God, Oceans of endless Pleasures roll; There would I fix my last Abode, And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

LXIV.

LXIV. Common Metre. The divine Perfections as displayed in Creation.

SING th' almighty Power of God, Who bid the Mountains rife,

Who spread the flowing Seas abroad, And built the lofty Skies.

I fing the Wisdom which ordain'd and The Sun to rule the Day;

The Moon shines full at his Command, And all the Stars obey. And Storms'

wold alloquille blow,

I fing the Goodness of the Lord, while the Who fill'd the Earth with Food:

He form'd the Creatures with his Word, And then pronounc'd them good.

O STATE

And Man the chief ordain'd to rule O'er all his Works below,

Injoy his World, his Works admire, And the great Author know. Vonsil Printer and a

Of Goodness and of Piety, The noble Joys to prove;

And thus to Angels growing like, 

Vinol near I blood vr. W

Bless God my Soul, who thee design'd, For endless Bliss on high;

And with the Sons of Light in Praise, Love, and Obedience vie.

LXV.

#### LXV. Common Metre.

The Divine Omnipresence.

40

I ORD how thy Wonders are display'd,
Where e of Turn my Eyes;
If I survey the Ground's tread,
Or gaze upon the Skies.

There's not a Plant or Flower below,
But makes thy Glories known;
And Storms arise, and Tempests blow,
By Order from thy Throne,
III.

Are subject to thy Care;
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In Heaven he shines with Beams of Love,
Of Wrath in Hell beneath;
'Tis on his Earth I stand, or move,
And 'tis his Air I breathe.

His Hand is my perpetual Guard, and bala.

He keeps me with his Eye; his and the Why should I then forget the Lord,

Who is for ever nigh?

.IVX I ith the Sons of Light in Preffe,

## Long Metre.

The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

OING to the Lord who built the Skies, The Lord who rear'd this stately Frame; Let all the Nations found his Praise, And ev'ry Heart adore his Name.

He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills, Made ev'ry Drop and ev'ry Duft, Nature and Time, with all their Wheels, And push'd them into Motion first.

Now from his high imperial Throne, He looks far down upon the Spheres; He bids the shining Orbs roll on, And round he turns our hafty Years.

Thus shall this moving Engine last, 'Till all his Saints are gather'd in; Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blaft To shake it all to Dust again!

Yet when the Sound shall tear the Skies. And Light'ning burn the Globe below, w Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes, There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

Troop down my Thoughts, that affect of

LXVII. Common Metre.
The Frailty of Man.

E T others boast how strong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger sear;
But we'll consess, O Lord, to thee,
What seeble Things we are.

Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,
And stourish bright and gays

A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land, And sades the Grass away.

Our Life contains a thousand Springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a Harp of thousand Strings,
Should keep in Tune so long:

But 'tis our God supports our Frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty Name,
Which rear'd us from the Dust.

While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

LXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and Eternity.

Stoop down my Thoughts, that use to rise, Converse a while with Death; Think Think how a gasping Mortal lies, and more And pants away his Breath.

11.

His quiv'ring Lip hangs feeble down, His Pulses faint and few,

Then, speechless, with a doleful Groan, He bids the World adieu.

III.

But O the Soul that never dies!

At once it leaves the Clay!

Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it slies, And trace its wond'rous Way.

IV.

Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there;

Or Devils plunge it down to Hell, In infinite Despair.

V.

And must this Soul remove?

O for forme Guardian Angel nigh, To bear it fafe above!

VI.

Jesus to thy dear faithful Hand, de and I

And my Flesh waits for thy Command, To drop into my Dust.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;

5

Join

HYMN LXIX. Join in a Song with sweet Accord, and and T. And thus furround the Throne boat The Sorrows of the Mind I som vin all Be banish'd from the Place; Religion never was design'd, To make our Pleasures less. Let those refuse to sing and bod od O sold Who never knew our God; But Fay'rites of the heav'nly King May speak their Joys abroad. The God who rules on high, and of all And thunders when he please; Who rides upon the stormy Sky, And manages the Seas, will the shadow of This awful God is ours, of you dum but He guards us with his Love; num bank He shall fend down his heav'nly Pow'rs, To carry us above. weda status and o'l' There shall we see his Face, who or all I And never, never Sin ; moe boden VM There from the Rivers of his Grace on ha Drink endless Pleasures in prin gorb o'l VII. Then let our Songs abound, And ev'ry Tear be dry; We're marching o'er our Sov'reign's Ground, To fairer Worlds on high. While our Toys of know

RioT

LXX.

LXX. Common Metre, ow and Love to God. bas ding a sul

APPY the Heart where Graces reign, Where Love inspires the Breast; Love is the brightest of the Train, And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in yain, And all in vain our Fear;

Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign, If Love be absent there,

III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet In fwift Obedience move The Devils know, and tremble too,

But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and fings, When Faith and Hope shall cease; 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings In the fweet Realms of Blifs.

Before we quite forfake our Clay, Or leave this dark Abode, The Wings of Love bear us away To fee our fmiling God.

LXXI. Long Metre. A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

P to the heav'nly Paradife, of GodT Where pureft Streams of Pleafure roll, Fain Fain would my nobler Passions rise, But Earth and Sense oppress my Soul.

II.

O might I once mount up and fee, The Glories of th' eternal Skies; What little Things these Worlds would be, How despicable to my Eyes!

III.

Had I a Glance of thee, my God, Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon, Vanish as the I saw em not, As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

IV.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave, I should perceive the Noise no more, Than we can hear a shaking Leaf, While rattling Thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, eternal King,
My Heart aspires to see thy Face;
And all my Pow'rs admire and sing,
Thy endless Grandeur, and thy Grace.

LXXII. Long Metre.
The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

ORD, how secure and blest are they,
Whose Hearts are pure, whose Hands are clean!
Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth and Sea,
Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.

The Day glides swiftly o'er their Heads, Made up of Innocence and Love;

And

And fost and silent as the Shades Their nightly Minutes gently moves

Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on, But fly not half so fast away; Their Souls are ever bright as Noon, And calm as Summer Evenings be.

How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills, Where Groves of living Pleasures grow; And longing Hopes and chearful Smiles, Sit undisturb'd upon their Brow,

They scorn to seek for golden Toys, But spend the Day, and share the Night, In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys, Which Heaven prepares for their Delight.

LXXIII. Long Metre.
The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

IME, what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how fwift they are!
Swift as an Indian Arrow flies,
Or like a shooting Star.

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh;
The Moment when our Lives begin,
We all begin to die.

Yet mighty God, our fleeting Days Thy lafting Favours share; Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace, Thou load'st the rolling Year.

'Tis fov'reign Mercy finds us Food, And we are cloath'd with Love;

While Grace stands pointing out the Road, That leads our Souls above.

V.

His Goodness runs an endless Round;
All Glory to the Lord!

His Mercy never knows a Bound, \_\_\_\_\_ And be his Name ador'd!

VI.

Thus we begin the lasting Song;
And when we close our Eyes,
Let the next Age thy Praise prolong,
Till Time and Nature dies.

LXXIV. Long Metre.

The Promises of God our Security.

PRAISE, everlasting Praise, be paid
To him that Earth's Foundation laid:
Praise to the God whose strong Decrees,
Sway the Creation as he please.

Praise to the Goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his People by his Word,
And there as strong as his Decrees,
He sets his kindest Promises.

Whence then should Doubts and Fears arise?
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes?
Slowly,

Slowly, alas, our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

O for a strong, a lasting Eaith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T'obey the Precepts of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own,

Then should the Earth's old Pillars shake, And all the Wheels of Nature break; Our steady Souls should fear no more, Than solid Rocks when Billows roar.

Our everlasting Hopes arise

Above the ruinable Skies,

Where the eternal Builder reigns,

And his own Courts his Pow'r sustains.

LXXV. Long Metre.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

Y Soul, come, meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And sly to unknown Lands.

II.

And you, my Eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb;
This gloomy Prison waits for you,
When-e'er the Summons come.

O could we die with those that die, And place us in their Stead;

Then

Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above, In their own glorious Forms,

And wonder why our Souls should love To dwell with mortal Worms.

We should, almost, forsake our Clay
Before the Summons come,

And pray and wish our Souls away - To their eternal Home.

LXXVI. Common Metre.

The Christian's Security in the Promises of God.

Begin my Tongue some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name
Of our Eternal King.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord Y

With an immortal Pen. Word but he

III.

The mighty Promise shines; who will

Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness rafe
Those everlasting Lines

As that which built the Skies; World A

The

The Voice that rolls the Stars along

Speaks all the Promises.

V.

He said, " Let the wide Heav'n be spread," And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;

" Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he faid, And he was Abra'm's God.

VI

Then let my Faith the World o'ercome,
My Heart and Life be pure;
I'll trust the all-creating Voice,
And know my Heav'n secure.

LXXVII. Common Metre. Future Happiness the Christian's present Joy.

I.

A WAKE, ye Saints, and raise your Eyes, And raise your Voices high; Awake, and praise that wond'rous Love, Which shews Salvation nigh.

II.

On all the Wings of Time it flies;

Each Moment brings it near;

Then welcome each declining Day;

Welcome each closing Year.

Not many Years their Round shall run, Nor many Mornings rife,

E'er all its Glories stand reveal'd

To our admiring Eyes.

Ye Wheels of Nature, speed your Course; Ye mortal Pow'rs, decay;

Fast

Fast as ye bring the Night of Death, Ye bring eternal Day.

LXXVIII. Short Metre.
The Death of Friends improved.

HOW swift the Torrent rolls,
That bears us to the Sea;
The Tide that bears our thoughtless Souls
To vast Eternity!

Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their Joys and Griefs, and Hopes and Cares,
And Wealth and Honour gone.

But Joy or Grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal Thought,
While the poor Remnant of their Dust
Lies in the Grave forgot.

There, where the Fathers lie,
Must all the Children dwell;
Nor other Heritage possess
But such a gloomy Cell.

God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend;
While we, as on Life's utmost Verge,
Our Souls to thee commend.

Of all the pious Dead
May we the Footsteps trace,

HYMN LXXIX. LXXX. 307

'Till with them in the Land of Light We dwell before thy Face.

LXXIX. Long Metre. Told of I

The Saints Expectation of a Judgment-Day.

Ť.

BEHOLD the Son of God, he comes
To shake the Earth, and rend the Tombs;
These Heavins before him melt away,
And Sun and Stars in Smoke decay.

Yet, 'midst this gen'ral Wreck and Dread, Ye Saints, with Triumph lift the Head; With glad Surprize your Saviour meet, Who comes to make your Bliss compleat.

My Soul, a Happiness so great
With pleasing Expectation wait;
And while I dwell upon the Thought,
Be Earth and all it's Toys forgot.

IV.

O bleffed Lord, what Grace is thine, Which gives a Prospect so divine! Come joyful Day, and teach our Tongues How Angels warble out their Songs.

LXXX. Common Metre.

JESUS adorn'd with Grace divine,
Ascends his Judgment-Throne;
Thro' Heav'ns extended Realms above,
He makes his Glory known.

THE WELFAXED IN MORAL ONE By his Command the Trumpet founds, And fummons to his Bar;

The piercing Blast shakes Heav'n around, And thunders in the Air.

The Earth and Seas his Orders hear, Unglos'd is ev'ry Tomb; she led of

The awaken'd World attend and fear, His Sentence and their Doom, is and but A

# His Glory fets the World on Fire, The burning Earth and Seas ; and 32 94

With mingled Ruin foon expire, but dill And finks before his Face, of 25mgo cd V

## The Saints obedient to his call, I a look y'M With Joy receive their Crowns;

The Wicked into Ruin fall, to I strike but A. Beneath his wrathful Frowns, as drad od

Break, facred Morning, thro' the Skies, d O And spread this glorious Day! Bleft Jesus, send a guardian Band, of amo To bear me fafe away ! diswelson A work

Then may I view thy smiling Face, With strong immortal Eyes; Through endless Ages taste thy Grace, With Pleasure and Surprize. F.

A sends hir Judgment- I heope .IXXXI cayins excended Realms above. e ma'es ha Glory known

# LXXXI. Common Metre.

Life to be improved.

NCE more, my Soul, the rifing Day Salutes thy waking Eyes; Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay To him who rules the Skies.

Night unto Night his Name repeats, The Day renews the Sound,

Wide as the Heav'n on which he fits To turn the Seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal Frame, My Tongue shall speak his Praise;

My Sins would rouze his Wrath to flame, And yet his Wrath delays.

A Thousand wretched Souls are fled Since the last setting Sun;

And yet thou length'nest out my Thread, And yet my Moments run!

Good God, let all my Hours be thine, Whilst I injoy the Light; Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline, And bring a pleasing Night.

> LXXXII. Common Metre. The Day approaching.

HE Day approacheth, O my Soul! The great decisive Day, Which Which from the Verge of mortal Life Shall bear thee far away!

Another Day more awful dawns; And lo, the Judge appears! Ye Heav'ns, retire before his Face. And fink, ye darken'd Stars!

Yet does one short preparing Hour, One precious Hour remain; Rouse then my Soul, with all thy Pow'r, Nor let it pass in vain.

With me my Brethren soon must die, And at the Bar appear; Now be our Intercourse improv'd, To mutual Comfort here.

For this thy Temple, Lord, we throng; For this thy Board furround; Here may our Service be approv'd, And in thy Presence crown'd.

LXXXIII. As the extern Pfalm.

God faithful to bis Promises.

HE Promises I sing, Which wond'rous Love hath spoke; Nor will th' eternal King His Words of Grace revoke: They

They stand secure, And stedfast still; IN Lyenva Fre Not Zion's Hill Abides fo fure. OD of the Montant Mar whole

The Mountains melt away When once the Judge appears; And Sun and Moon decay, That measure Mortals Years:

But still the fame. In radiant Lines, The Promise shines Thro' all the Flame,

III.

Their Harmony shall found Thro' my attentive Ears, blasioons Life When Thunders cleave the Ground, And diffipate the Spheres;

'Midst all the Shock. Of that dread Scene I stand serene,
Thy Word my Rock.

IV

Let all the Nations fear The God who rules above; He brings his People near, And makes them tafte his Love; While Earth and Sky,

Attempt his Praife, His Saints shall raise His Honours high.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV. Long Metre. Diligence in the Christian Race.

I.

OD of the Morning, at whose Voice The chearful Sun makes haste to rise, And like a Giant doth rejoice To run his Journey thro' the Skies.

11

From the fair Chambers of the East
The Circuit of his Race begins,
And without Weariness or Rest
Round the whole Earth he slies and shines.

III.

O like the Sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed Duties of the Day;
With ready Mind, and active Will
March on and keep my heav'nly Way.

IV.

But I shall rove and lose the Race, If God, my Sun, should disappear, And leave me in this World's wild Maze, To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.

Lord, thy Commands are clean and pure, Inlight'ning our beclouded Eyes; Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure, Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.

Give me thy Counsels for my Guide, And then receive me to thy Bliss; All my Desires and Hopes beside Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

LXXXV.

LXXXV. Long Metre.

The divine Perfections celebrated.

T

B E thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

II

My Heart is fix'd; my Song shall raise Immortal Honours to thy Name; Awake, my Tongue, to found his Praise, My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost Sky; His Truth to endless Years remains When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness.

Sov'REIGN of Life, I own thy Hand In ev'ry chast'ning Stroke; And while I smart beneath thy Rod, Thy Presence I invoke.

To thee in my Distress I cry'd, And thou hast bow'd thy Ear;

P

314 HYMN LXXXVII.

Thy pow'rful Word my Life prolong'd, And brought Salvation near.

Unfold, ye Gates of Right'ousness,
That, with the pious Throng,
I may record my solemn Vows,
And tune my grateful Song.

IV

Praise to the Lord, whose gentle Hand Renews our lab'ring Breath; Praise to the Lord who makes his Saints Triumphant ev'n in Death.

My God, in thy appointed Hour,
Those heav'nly Gates display,
Where Pain, and Sin, and Fear, and Death,
For ever see away.

There while the Nations of the bless'd
With Raptures bow around,
My Anthems to deliv'ring Grace
In sweeter Strains shall found.

LXXXVII. Common Metre.
Support in God's Covenant under Trouble.

Y God, the Cov nant of thy Love Abides for ever fure, And in its matchless Grace I feel My Happiness secure.

What the my House be not with thee,
As Nature could defire!

To nobler Joys than Nature gives, Thy Servants all aspire.

III.

Since thou the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my Guardian, and my Friend,
And Heav'n my final Home.

I welcome all thy fov'reign Will,
For all that Will is Love;
And when I know not what thou doft,
I wait the Light above.

Thy Cov'nant in the darkest Gloom, Shall heav'nly Rays impart; Which, when my Eye-lids close in Death, Shall warm my chilling Heart.

## LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The Upright encouraging himself in the Lord bis God.

JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious Name!
Still pregnant with Delight;
It scatters round a chearful Beam
To gild the darkest Night.

What the our mortal Comforts fade,
And drop like with ring Flow'rs!
Nor Time, nor Death, can break that Band,
Which makes Jehovah our's.

P 2

To

III.

My Cares I give you to the Wind, And shake you off like Dust; Well may I trust my All with him, With whom my Soul I trust.

LXXXIX. Common Metre.

For all the pious Dead,

Sweet is the Savour of their Names,

And foft their fleeping Bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

Far from this World of Toil and Strife
They're present with the Lord;
The Labours of their mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

Joy and Prosperity from the Bleffing of God.

SHINE on our Souls, eternal God,
With Rays of Favour shine!
Olet thy Mercy crown our Days,
And all their Round be thine!

Did we not raise our Hands to thee, Our Hands might toil in vain;

Small

Small Joy, Success itself could give, If thou thy Love restrain.

III.

With thee let ev'ry Week begin;
With thee each Day be fpent;
For thee each fleeting Hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

IV

Thus chear us thro' this defert Road,
'Till all our Labours cease;
And Heav'n refresh our weary Souls
With everlasting Peace.

XCI. Short Metre.

The Mercies of God leading to Repentance.

1.

I S this the kind Return,
And these the Thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal Love
Whence all our Blessings slow?

II.

To what a stubborn Frame
Hath Sin reduc'd our Mind?
What strange rebellious Creatures we,
And God as strangely kind?

On us he bids the Sun Shed his reviving Rays; For us the Skies their Circles run To lengthen out our Days.

The Brutes obey their God, And bow their Necks to Men;

P 3

But we more base, more brutish Things, Reject his easy Reign.

V.

Let past Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly as new Mercies fall,
Let hourly Thanks arise.

## XCII. Common Metre.

Faith of Things unseen.

T.

PAITH is the brightest Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight,
Breaks thro' the Clouds of Flesh and Sense,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

It sets Time past in present view,
Brings distant Prospects home,
Of Things a thousand Years ago,
Or thousand Years to come.

III.

By Faith we know the Worlds were made
By God's almighty Word;
Abra'm to unknown Countries led,
By Faith obey'd the Lord.

He fought a City fair and high, Built by th' eternal Hands; And Faith affures us, tho' we die, That heav'nly Building stands.

But

XCIII.

XCIII. Common Metre.
The Saints View of Death and Glory.

I.

THERE is a House not made with Hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

II.

Shortly this Pris'n of my Clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call!

We walk by Faith of Joys to come; Faith lives upon his Word; But while the Body is our Home, We're absent from the Lord.

IV.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace, But we had rather see; We would be absent from the Flesh, And present, Lord, with thee.

XCIV. Common Metre. The Christian prepared to die.

DEATH may dissolve my Body now,
And bear my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move so slow,
Nor my Salvation come?

With heav'nly Weapons I have fought, The Battles of the Lord,

HEAT

PA

Finish'd

Finish'd my Course and kept the Faith, And wait the sure Reward.

Ш

God hath laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade:

The right'ous Judge at that great Day, Shall place it on my Head.

Nor hath the King of Grace decreed

This Prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to fee

Th' Appearance of his Son.

God is my everlasting Aid,
And Hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest Glory paid,
And endless Praise.—Amen.

XCV. Long Metre. God the Fountain of all Good.

ATHER of Lights, we fing thy Name, Who kindlest up the Lamp of Day; Wide as he spreads his golden Flame, His Beams thy Pow'r and Love display.

Fountain of Good, from thee proceed
The copious Drops of genial Rain;
Which, thro' the Hills, and thro' the Meads,
Revive the Grass, and swell the Grain.

Thro' the wide World thy Bounties spread; Yet Millions of our guilty Race,

Tho'

Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,
Affront thy Law, and spurn thy Grace.

Not so may our forgetful Hearts,
O'er-look the Tokens of thy Care;
But what thy lib'ral Hand imparts,
Still own in Praise, still ask in Pray'r.

So shall our Suns more grateful shine, And Show'rs in sweeter Drops shall fall; When all our Hearts and Lives are thine, And thou, our God, injoy'd in all.

May Christ our brighter Sun arise; In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit send; Earth then shall grow a Paradise, And in the heav'nly Eden end.

XCVI. Long Metre.
The Beatitudes.

I.

B LEST are the humble Souls which fee Their Emptiness and Poverty;
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.

Blest are the Men of broken Heart, Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart; From the divine Compassion flows A healing Balm for all their Woes.

Blest are the Meek, who stand afar
From Rage and Passion, Noise and War;
P 5 Gcd

God will fecure their happy State, And plead their Cause against the great.

Bleft are the Souls which thirst for Grace, Hunger and long for Right'ousness; They shall be well supplied and fed, With living Streams and living Bread.

## So final our Suns gos u A P

And Showing in facility

## V. Pals Street But The Hardy

Blest are the Men whose Bowels move,
And melt in Sympathy and Love;
From God their Father they obtain,
Like Sympathy and Love again.
VI.

Blest are the Pure, whose Heart is clean From the defiling Pow'rs of Sin; With endless Pleasure they shall see, A God of spotless Purity.

## VII.

Bleft are the Men of peaceful Life, Who quench the Coals of growing Strife; They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss, The Sons of God, the God of Peace. VIII.

Blest are the Suff'rers who partake Of Pain and Shame for Jesus' Sake; Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord, Glory and Joy are their Reward.

XCVII.

XCVII. Common Metre. Praise to God from all Creatures.

first are the Souls HE Glories of my Maker God My joyful Voice shall fing, And call the Nations to adore Their Former and their King.

m wanti of note

'Twas his right Hand that shap'd our Clay, And wrought this human Frame; But from his own immediate Breath Our nobler Spirits came.

We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God, And worship with our Tongues; We claim some kindred with the Skies And join th' angelic Songs.

Let grov'ling Beafts of ev'ry Shape, And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,

And Rocks and Trees, and Fires and Seas, Their various Tribute bring.

Ye Planets, to his Honour shine, And Wheels of Nature roll; Praise him in your unweary'd Course, Around the steddy Pole.

The Brightness of our Maker's Name The wide Creation fills; And his unbounded Grandeur flies Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

XCVIII. Long Metre. Salvation by Divine Grace.

OW to the Pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting Honours giv'n;
He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.

Not for their Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He gave the Gospel to Mankind
To form a People for his Praise.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known;
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

He dies; and, in that dreadful Night, Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy; Rising he brought our Heav'n to Light, And took Possession of the Joy.

XCIX. As the extern Pfalm. The Names and Titles of Christ.

WITH chearful Voice I fing
The Titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the Names
Of Honour from his Word:

Nature

Nature and Art
Can ne'er supply trade of dignolar A
Sufficient Forms Should Live at 1
Of Majesty.

Harris and resingoved more.

In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious Face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely Rays:

Th' eternal God's
Beloved Son,
Inherits and
Partakes the Throne.

III.

The fov'reign King of Kings,
The Lord of Lords most high,
Writes his own Name upon
His Garment and his Thigh:

His Name is call'd
The Word of God;
He rules the Earth
With Iron Rod.

IV.

Immense Compassion reigns
In our Redeemer's Heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's Part:

He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

V. diA basismill.

At length the Lord the Judge
His awful Throne ascends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends:

Then shall the Saints
Compleatly prove
The Heighths and Depths
Of all his Love.

C. As the extern Pfalm.

The Offices of Christ.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore:

All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

II.

But, O, what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
My Eyes with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

Who, while no Mids at Manuels France,

Array'd in mortal Flesh brod and digon A He like an Angel stands, I provid T lutwe at H And holds the Promifes, de la saviate ba AT And Pardons in his Hands samuova I mon't

Commission'd from and and I His Father's Throne, Id 100 and hand To make his Grace To Mortals known. With Bears of Light and VIve divine;

Great Prophet of my God, My Tongue would bless thy Name; By thee the joyful News Of our Salvation came; The joyful News

Of Sins forgiv'n, Of Hell fubdu'd,

And Peace with Heav'n.

Now let my Soul arise, And tread the Tempter down; My Captain leads me forth To Conquest and a Crown:

A feeble Saint Shall win the Day Tho' Death and Hell Obstruct the Way.

CI. Long Metre. Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

O thee, O God, we Homage pay, Source of the Light that rules the Day; Who, Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame, Reflects thy Rays, and speaks thy Name.

II,
In louder Strains we fing that Grace, and And Which gives the Sun of Right'oufness;
Whose nobler Light Salvation brings,
And scatters Healing from his Wings.

Still on our Hearts may Jesus shine With Beams of Light and Love divine; Quick'ned by him our Souls shall live, And chear'd by him shall grow and thrive.

O may his Glories stand confess'd
From North to South, from East to West!
Successful may his Gospel run,
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun!

When shall that radiant Scene arise, When, fix'd on high in purer Skies, Christ all his Lustre shall display On all his Saints thro' endless Day?

CII. Long Metre.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

L T everlasting Glories crown
Thy Head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
And writ the Blessings in thy Word.

What if we trace the Globe around, And search from Britain to Japan;

There

There shall be no Religion found, So just to God, so fafe to Man.

III.

How well thy bleffed Truths agree!
How wife and holy thy Commands!
Thy Promifes how firm they be!
How firm our Hope and Comfort stands!

Not the feign'd Fields of heath'nish Bliss
Could raise such Pleasure in the Mind;
Nor does the Turkish Paradise
Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.

Should all the Forms that Men devise Assault my Faith with treach'rous Art, I'd call them Vanity and Lies, And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CIII. Common Metre. Hosanna to Christ coming.

The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

II

On him the Spirit largely pour'd

Exerts its facred Fire;

Wisdom and Might, and Zeal and Love,

His holy Breast inspire.

He comes the Pris'ners to release, In Satan's Bondage held; The Gates of Brass before him burst, The Iron Fetters yield. arch us

He comes from thickest Films of Vice To clear the mental Ray: And on the Eye opprest with Night To pour celestial Day.

He comes the broken Heart to bind, The bleeding Soul to cure; And with the Treasures of his Grace, T'enrich the humble Poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy Welcome shall proclaim; And Heav'ns eternal Arches ring With thy beloved Name.

> CIV. Long Metre. The Holy Scriptures.

OD, who in various Methods told His Mind and Will to Saints of old, Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace, To teach us in these latter Days.

Our Nation reads the written Word, That Book of Life, that true Record; The bright Inheritance of Heav'n Is by this fure Conveyance giv'n.

God's kindest Thoughts are here exprest, Able to make us wife and bleft; BUTT

The Doctrines are divinely true, Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.

Ye British Isses who read his Love In fair Epistles from above; (He hath not sent his facred Word To ev'ry Land) Praise ye the Lord.

CV. Short Metre.

Communion with God and Christ.

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our Friendship shall be sweet,
And our Communion dear.

God pities all my Griefs,
He pardons every Day;
Almighty to protect my Soul,
And wife to guide my Way.
III.

How large his Bounties are!
What various Stores of Good
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,
And purchas'd with his Blood!

Jesus my living Head,
I bless thy faithful Care;
My Advocate before the Throne,
And my Fore-runner there.

Here fix my roving Heart,
Here wait my warmest Love,

Till the Communion be compleat,
In nobler Scenes above.

CVI. Long Metre.
Christ the King of the invisible World.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace, Who holds the Keys of Death and Hell! The spacious World unseen is his, And sovereign Pow'r becomes him well.

In Shame and Torment once he dy'd;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye Saints, around his Seat,
And, all ye Angel Bands, adore.

So shall he live a glorious Lord, To crush his Foes, and guard his Friends; While all his faithful Tribes rejoice, That his Dominion never ends.

IV.

Worthy his Hand to hold the Keys, Guided by Wisdom, and by Love; Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life, O'er Worlds below, and Worlds above.

When Death his Servants shall invade, When Pow'rs of Hell his Church annoy; Controul'd by him, their Rage shall help The Cause, they labour'd to destroy.

O may he reign a glorious King!
Wide thro' the Earth his Name be known!
My

My longing Soul aspires to sing Sublimer Anthems near his Throne.

CVII. Common Metre.

Grace perfected in Glory.

L

HOW rich thy Favours, God of Grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as Heav'n they shine.

11

He to eternal Glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous Way
To his own Palace, where he reigns
In uncreated Day.

III.

Jesus, the Herald of his Love,
Displays the radiant Prize,
And shews a Heav'n of endless Bliss,
To our admiring Eyes.

He perfects what his Hand begins,
And Stone on Stone he lays;
Till firm and fair the Building rife,
A Temple to his Praise.

wens schen

V.

The Songs of everlasting Years
That Mercy shall attend,
Which leads thro' Suff'rings of an Hour
To Joys that never end.

CVIII. Common Metre.
The final Happiness of the Righteous.

A TTEND my Ear, my Heart rejoice;
While Jesus from his Throne,
Amidst the bright angelie Hosts,
Makes his last Sentence known.

II.

When Sinners, banish'd from his Face,
To raging Flames are driv'n,
His Voice, with Melody divine,
Thus calls his Saints to Heav'n.

Receive the large Reward;
And rise with Triumph to possess
The Kingdom Love prepar'd."

E'er Earth's Foundations first were laid,
This sov'reign Purpose wrought,
And rear'd those Palaces divine
To which you now are brought."

V.

"There shall you reign unnumber'd Years,
Protected by my Pow'r,
While Sin, and Hell, and Pains, and Cares,
Shall vex your Souls no more."

May Christ our glorious Saviour come,
This Jubilee proclaim,

And teach us Accents fit to praise So great, so dear a Name.

CIX.

CIX. Common Metre. Heaven invisible and boly.

Nor Sense, nor Ear hath heard, Nor Sense, nor Reason known, What Joys the Father hath prepar'd For those who love his Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a Heav'n to come;
The Beams of Glory in his Word,
Allure and guide us Home.

III.

Pure are the Joys above the Sky, And all the Region Peace; No wanton Lip, nor envious Eye Can see or taste the Bliss.

1V.

Those holy Gates for ever bar Pollution, Sin, and Shame; None shall obtain Admittance there, But followers of the Lamb.

V.

He keeps the Father's Book of Life, There all their Names are found; The Hypocrite in vain shall strive To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CX. Long Metre.
The Eternal Sabbath.

I.

THY earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler Rest above; To that our lab'ring Souls aspire With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

No more Fatigue, no more Distress; Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Plan

Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Place; No Groans to mingle with the Songs, Which warble from immortal Tongues.

III.

No rude Alarms of raging Foes; No Cares to break the long Repose; No midnight Shade, no clouded Sun, But sacred, high, eternal Noon.

IV.

O long expected Day, begin; Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin! Fain would we leave this weary Road, And sleep in Death, to rest with God.

CXI. Long Metre.

The Dissolution of the present World.

I.

Y waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings Beyond the Verge of mortal Things; See this vain World in Smoke decay, And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

i their Pagnella

Behold the fiery Deluge roll
Thro' Heaven's wide Arch from Pole to Pole;
Pale Sun, no more thy Lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry Host!

This Wreck of Nature all around,
The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound
Loud

Loud the descending Judge proclaim, And eccho his tremendous Name.

IV.

Children of Adam all appear,
With Rev'rence round his awful Bar;
For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go
To endless Bliss, or hopeless Woe.

V

Lord, to my Eyes this Scene display, Frequent thro' each revolving Day, And let thy Grace my Soul prepare To meet its full Redemption there!

CXII. Common Metre. - Christ's Regard to little Children.

I.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand, With all ingaging Charms; Hark, how he calls his tender Lambs, And folds them in his Arms!

II.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorn their humble Name;
It was to bless such Souls as these,
The Lord of Angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful Hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our Offspring be.

Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear; Ye Children, seek his Face;

And

And fly with Transports to receive
The Blessings of his Grace.

V.

If Orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian Care we trust;
That Care shall heal our bleeding Hearts,
If weeping o'er their Dust.

CXIII. As the extern Pfalm. The Resurrection of Christ.

I.

Y ES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour lest the Dead;
And o'er our hellish Foes
High rais'd his conquering Head.

In wild difmay
The Guards around
Fell to the Ground,
And funk away.

And And the Court of his Amal

Lo, the Angelic Bands
In full Assembly meet,
To wait his high Commands,
And worship at his Feet:

Joyful they come
And wing their Way
From Realms of Day
To fuch a Tomb.

III.

Then back to Heav'n they fly,
And the glad Tidings bear;
Hark, as they foar on high
What Musick fills the Air!

Their

Drawn by L

Their Anthems fay, " Jefus who bled Hath left the Dead, He rose To-day." IV. vb smmo P in

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound, Preserv'd by him from Hell; And fend the Tidings round The Globe on which you dwell:

> Transported cry, " Jesus who bled Hath left the Dead No more to die."

> > Van abio

All hail, triumphant King! Thou rifing reigning Lord, Who fav'ft us by thy Life, Wide be thy Name ador'd:

With thee we rife, With thee we reign, And Empire gain Beyond the Skies.

> CXIV. Short Metre. Christ Crucified.

EHOLD, th' amazing Sight, The Saviour lifted high! Behold, the Son of God's Delight, Expire in Agony!

For whom, for whom, my Heart, Were all these Sorrows born?

ir

Why

Why did he feel that piercing Smart, And meet that various Scorn?

III.

For Love of us he bled, And all in Torture dy'd;

'Twas Love that bow'd his fainting Head, And op'd his gushing Side.

IV.

I see, and I adore
In Sympathy of Love;
I feel the strong attractive Pow'r,
To lift my Soul above.

V.

Drawn by fuch Cords as these, Let all the Earth combine, With chearful Ardor to confess The Energy divine.

VI.

In thee our Hearts unite,
Nor share thy Griefs alone;
But from thy Cross pursue their Flight
To thy triumphant Throne.

CXV. Short Metre. The Birth of Christ.

BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd;
MARY the wond rous Virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.

The Lord, the highest God, Calls him his only Son; He bids him rule the Lands abroad, And gives him David's Throne.

To bring the glorious News,
A heav'nly Form appears;
He tells the Shepherd's of their Joys,
And banishes their Fears.

"Go humble Swains," faid he,
To David's City fly;
The promis'd Infant born To-day,
Doth in a Manger lie."

"With Looks and Hearts serene Go visit Christ your King;" And strait a slaming Troop was seen, The Shepherds heard them sing.

"Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At the Redeemer's Birth."
VII.

In Worship so divine,
Let Saints imploy their Tongues;
With the celestial Host we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.

CXVI. Short Metre.
The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

HOW beauteous are their Feet Who stand on Zion's Hill,

Who

Who bring Salvation on their Tongues, And Words of Peace reveal!

II.

How charming is their Voice!
How fweet the Tydings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

III.

How happy are our Ears,
That hear this joyful Sound;
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found!

How bleffed are our Eyes,
That see this heav nly Light!
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight.

Our God makes bare his Arm To spread his facred Word; Let ev'ry Nation now behold Their Saviour and their Lord.

CXVII. Short Metre. Salvation by Grace.

RACE, 'tis a charming Sound!

Harmonious to my Ear!

Heav'n with the Eccho shall resound,

And all the Earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a Way To save rebellious Man,

And

And all the Steps that Grace display, Which drew the wond'rous Plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road;
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the Work shall crown, Thro' everlasting Days; It lays in Heav'n the topmost Stone, And well deserves the Praise.

CXVIII. Long Metre.

A Vision of the Lamb.

I.

Vanities be cone

A LL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears;
Behold, amidst the eternal Throne,
A Vision of the Lamb appears!

Lo, he receives a sealed Book,
From him that sits upon the Throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.

The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting Hills,
"Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the Book, to loose the Seals."

Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain, And with transporting Pleasure sing,

Worthy

"Worthy the Lamb that once was flain, To be our Teacher and our King."

"Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for Treasons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And sit upon his Father's Throne."

CXIX. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.

When from the Dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope

That they should never die.

Tho' for abolishing of Sin,
Our Flesh must turn to Dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his Followers must.
IV.

There's an Inheritance divine Reserv'd against that Day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept

Till the Salvation come;

We walk by Faith as Strangers here, Till Christ shall call us Home.

CXX. Common Metre. Saints glorified.

I.

THESE glorious Minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white Array?
How came they to the happy Seats
Of everlasting Day?

Patient they fuffer'd for the Lord,
And did the Will of God;
Thus they fecur'd their Maker's Love,
And gain'd this bleft Abode.

Now they approach a spotless God, And bow before his Throne, Their warbling Harps, and sacred Songs, Adore the holy One.

IV.

The unveil'd Glories of his Face,
Amongst his Saints reside;
While the rich Treasure of his Grace,
Sees all their Wants supply'd.

Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls, And Hunger slee as fast; The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree, Shall be their sweet Repast.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock Where living Fountains rise;

And

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And Love divine shall wipe away

The Sorrows of their Eyes.

CXXI. Long Metre.

Christ our bigh Priest and King; and his

coming to Judgment.

The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praise above.

II

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest Sins, And wash'd us in his richest Blood; 'Tis he that makes us Kings and Priests, And brings us Rebels near to God.

To Jesus our most gracious Priest, To Jesus our superior King, Be everlasting Pow'r confest, And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.

IV.

Behold, on flying Clouds he comes, And ev'ry Eye shall see him move; The disobedient World shall mourn, While good Men triumph in his Love.

CXXII. Short Metre.

Adoption.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous Grace,
The Father hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!

11.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

III.

A Hope, so much divine,
May Trials well endure;
May purify our Souls from Sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

IV.

Why then shou'd Christians lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne?
Our Faith shall "heav'nly Father" cry,
And God the Kindred own.

CXXIII. Common Metre. Invitation to the Lord's Table.

Τ.

THE King of Heav'n his Table spreads,
And Dainties crown the Board,
Not Paradise with all its Joys,
Could such Delight afford.

Pardon and Peace to dying Men,
And endless Life are giv'n;
And the rich Blood which Jesus shed,
To raise the Soul to Heav'n.
III.

Millions of Souls in Glory now,
Were fed and feasted here,
And Millions more, still on the Way,
Around the Board appear.

IV.

Yet is his House and Heart so large,
That Millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembling World,
O'er-fill the spacious Room.

All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak Excuses frame;
Crowd to your Places at the Feast,
And bless the Founder's Name.

In Remembrance of Christ.

"Eat, Drink, in Mem'ry of your Friend;"
An easy Task, injoins our Lord;
Who Death and Tortures bore, that we
Might be to endless Bliss restor'd.

Yes, we'll record thy matchless Love, Thou dearest tenderest best of Friends; Thy dying Love the noblest Praise Of long Eternity transcends.

'Tis Pleasure more than Earth can give,
Thy Beauties thro' these Veils to see;
Thy Table Food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

But O what vast transporting Joys, Shall swell our Breasts, our Tongues inspire, When we his sweet majestic Form, With prostrate Cherubs shall admire!

When these vile Bodies all refin'd, Perfect and glorious as his own, Unwearied shall our Minds obey, And join to make his Favours known. A.

CXXV. Common Metre. Love to Christ.

O not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my Heart and fee; And turn each curfed Idol out, That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my Soul? Then let me nothing love; Dead be my Heart to ev'ry Joy; When Jesus cannot move.

III.

Is not thy Name melodious still, To my attentive Ear? Doth not each Pulse with Pleasure bound, My Saviour's Voice to hear?

Would not my ardent Spirit vie, With Angels round the Throne, To execute thy facred Will, And make thy Glory known?

Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood, In Honour of thy Name;

And challenge the cold hand of Death. To damp th' immortal Flame?

VI.

VI.

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord; And O I long to foar
Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys, And learn to love thee more!

CXXVI. Common Metre. The Love of God in the Gift of his Son.

ND are we now brought near to God. Who once at Distance stood? And to effect this glorious Change, Did Jefus shed his Blood?

O for a Song of ardent Praise, To bear our Souls above! What should allay our lively Hope, Or damp our flaming Love ?

Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning Grace, And bring us yet more near! Here may we see thy Glories shine, And tafte thy Mercies here.

O may that Love which spread thy Board, Dispose us for the Feast! May Faith behold a fmiling God, Thro' Jefus' bleeding Breaft.

Fir'd with the View our Souls shall rife, In fuch a Scene as this, And view the happy Moment near That shall compleat our Bliss.

CXXVII.

CXXVII. Common Metre.

Contemplating a crucified Redeemer.

I.

The Wonders of the Feast;
The strange Provisions here prepar'd,
Thy self as strange a Guest.

Hast thou not here thy Saviour view'd,
Nail'd to the cursed Tree?
In dying Pangs with Blood imbru'd,
And suffering all for thee?

Shall I the fad Event review,
And no Commotion feel?
No, here my Soul thy Grief renew,
And kindle holy Zeal.

Look and relent, with hearty Grief
Thy crimfon Sins deplore;
For all thy Wounds here fetch Relief,
But wilful fin no more.

## CXXVIII. Long Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ thankfully remembered.

OTHERS may tell of famous Things
Done by their Heroes and their Kings;
The Lord we serve, them all exceeds
For mighty Suff'rings, mighty Deeds.

II.

The Torments he hath undergone, The glorious Triumphs he hath won, Armies of wond'ring Angels cause To fill the Heav'ns with loud Applause.

Deep in our Breast let us record The Story of our dying Lord; As we his kind Memorials view, Our Wonder and our Songs renew.

IV.

Prevent me, O almighty Grace!
Nor let me e'er so treach'rous prove,
To crucify my Lord afresh,
And render Hate for all his Love.

CXXIX. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper.

I.

And will thy Table, Lord, be spread?
And will thy Cup with Love o'erslow?
Thither be all thy Children led,
And let them all its Sweetness know.

Hail facred Feast, which Jesus makes Memorial of his Flesh and Blood! Thrice happy he, who here partakes That facred Stream, that heav'nly Food!

Why are such Bleffings all in vain
Before unwilling Hearts display'd?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the Children's Bread?

#### IV.

O let thy Table honour'd be, And furnish'd well with joyful Guests; And may each Soul Salvation see, That here its facred Pledges tastes!

V.

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd, With Hearts inflam'd let all attend; Nor, when we leave our Father's Board, The Pleasure, or the Profit end.

VI.

Revive thy dying Churches, Lord, And bid our drooping Graces live; And more that Energy afford, Which Right'ousness and Joy will give.

CXXX. Common Metre.

Children devoted to God.

T

HUS faith the Mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll blefs thy num'rous Race, and they
Shall be a Seed for me."

II.

Abra'm believed the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Son to God;
But Water feals the Bleffing now
That once was feal'd with Blood.

III.

Thus Lydia fanctify'd her House,
When she receiv'd the Word;
Thus the believing Jaylor gave
His Houshold to the Lord.

IV.

Thus later Saints, eternal King,

- Thy antient Truth embrace;

To thee their Infant-Offspring bring,

And humbly claim the Grace.

CXXXI. Common Metre.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

I.

Of our high Priest above;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

11.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame,

He knows what fore Temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

III.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,
And did resist to Blood.

IV.

Pour'd out his Cries and Tears;
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaking Flax, But raise it to a Flame; The bruised Reed he never breaks,

Nor fcorns the meanest Name.

VI.

VI.

Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the distressing Hour.

CXXXII. Long Metre.

Love essential to the christian Character.

I.

Of all I have or hope the Spring; Send down thy Spirit from above, And warm my Heart with holy Love.

П.

May I from ev'ry Act abstain
That hurts or gives my Neighbour Pain;
And ev'ry fecret Wish suppress,
That would abridge his Happiness.

III.

Still may I feel my Heart inclin'd, To act the Friend to all Mankind; Still wish them Safety, Health, and Ease, Wealth, Fame, eternal Life, and Peace.

IV.

Still let my Bowels melt and flow, When I behold a Wretch in Woe; And in his Sorrows bear a Part, With ev'ry one of heavy Heart.

V.

And should my Neighbour spiteful prove,
Still let me vanquish Spite with Love;
Slow to resent though he should grieve,
But apt and ready to forgive.

VI.

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VI.

Let Love in all my Conduct shine, An Image faint, tho' fair of thine; Thus may I Christ's Disciple prove, Who came to manifest thy Love.

CXXXIII. Long Metre.

I.

OW, by the Bowels of my Lord, His sharp Distress, his fore Complaints, By his last Groans, his dying Blood, I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

II.

Clamour, and Wrath, and War be gone, Envy and Spite for ever cease; Let bitter Words no more be known Amongst the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

The Spirit like a peaceful Dove
Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his Love,
Who seals our Souls to heav'nly Life?

or Ah

Tender and kind be all our Thoughts, Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run; So God forgives our num'rous Faults, Of his own Grace, in Christ his Son.

CXXXIV. Common Metre.

The Resurrection of Christ.

BLEST Morning, whose young dawning Rays
Beheld our rising Lord;
That

That saw him triumph o'er the Dust, And leave his dark Abode.

H.

In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

III.

Hell, and the Grave, unite their Force
To hold our Head in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.

IV.

To thy great Name, O bleffed Lord,
We facred Honours pay,
And loud Hofanna's shall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.
V.

Salvation, and immortal Praise,
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
With glad Hosanna's ring.

CXXXV. Common Metre.

The Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA, to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in Clay;
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

Death is no more the King of Dread, Since our Redeemer role; He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

III.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
And Triumph in his Eyes!

IV

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down;
Our Jesus fills a glorious Seat,
In his great Father's Throne.

V.

Raise your Thanksgivings, mortal Tongues,
For endless Life restor'd;
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our exalted Lord.

VI.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings,
Your sweetest Voices raise;
Let Heav'n and all created things
Sound our Redeemer's Praise.

CXXXVI. Long Metre. The Christian Warfare.

I.

STAND up my Soul, shake off thy Fears, And gird the Gospel Armour on; March to the Gates of endless Joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

What, tho' thy inward Lusts rebel, 'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;

The

The Weapons of victorious Grace Shall flay thy Sins, and end the Strife.

Then let my Soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heav'nly Gate; There Peace and Joy eternal reign, And glitt'ring Robes for Conquirors wait.

There shall I wear a starry Crown. And triumph in almighty Grace; While all the Armies of the Skies Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

CXXXVII. Short Metre. Grace and Peace by Jesus Christ.

AISE your triumphant Songs, To an immortal Tune, Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds Celestial Grace hath done.

Sing how eternal Love It's chief Beloved chose: And bid him raise our wretched Race From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears, Nor Terror clothes his Brow; No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls To fiercer Flames below.

IV.

bnA

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne, And Wrath stood filent by, When

When Christ was sent with Pardons down To Rebels doom'd to die.

V.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears, Let hopeless Sorrow cease; Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, And take the offer'd Peace.

VI.

Lord, we obey thy Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

CXXXVIII. Short Metre.

Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

A ND must this Body die?

This mortal Frame decay?

And must these active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?

Corruption, Earth, and Worms, Shall but refine this Flesh, Till my triumphant Spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

III.

Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the Skies
Looks down, and watches all my Dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

IV.

Array'd in glorious Grace, Shall these wile Bodies shine, And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

V.

These lively Hopes we owe
To God's amazing Love;
We would adore his Grace below,
And sing his Pow'r above.

Great God, accept the Praise
Of these our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
With our immortal Tongues.

CXXXIX. Common Metre.
The Saints Conflict and Reward.

I.

I N Realms of everlasting Light,
The Saints triumphant reign,
A Crown of Life rewards their Toil,
And Bliss succeeds their Pain.

II.

Whilst trav'lling thro' this thorny Vale, With Sorrows compass'd round, What painful Conslicts they endur'd; What fore Distress they found!

III.

But dang'rous Scenes could ne'er affright,
Nor Pleasures tempt astray;
Resolv'd and chearful they walk'd on,
In their appointed Way.

IV.

Faithful and patient they maintain'd A long laborious Strife,

R

'Till

H WM KO CXL. CXLI. 262

'Till Death difmifs'd their ftruggling Souls, To Joys of endles Life. Via vasdo R.

> CXL Common Metre Christ the Bread of Life. 1 We would adore hill Grace below

E T us adore the gracious Word 'Tis he our Soul has fed; Thou art our living Stream, O Lord! And thou th'immortal Bread! Till Tunes of mobile Vacint

The Manna came from lower Skies, But Jesus from above.

Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise, And Rivers flow with Love.

The Jews, the Fathers, dy'd at last, Who ear that heav'nly Bread; But these Provisions which we talke, wo !! A Can raife us from the Dead. A U

Our Souls shall draw their heav nly Breath. Whilst Jesus finds Supplies gulber hind Nor shall our Graces fink to Death, Willy For Jefus never dies abstantiperor and W.

The Prince of CXLI. Common Metre. The Agonies of Christ.

O'W let our Pains be all forgot al Our Hearts no more repine a o I Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought, When, Lord, compar'd with thine. Till Death dilates d alle fangaling Souis

In lively Figures here we fee to avol all The bleeding Prince of Love; Each of us fay, "He dy'd for me,"

And then our Griefs remove.

Mr. richelt Genet dan 111 Wisdom and Grace united wrought The Wonders of that Day;

No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought. Can equal Thanks repay. Is not but

Our Hymns should found like those above, Could we our Voices raise;

Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love, And all our Lives be Praise A STAR

> CXLII. Long Metre. The Compassion of our dying Lord.

UR Spirits join t'adore the Lambs O that our feeble Lips could move In Strains exalted as his Name, and annual And melting as his dying Love!

Was ever equal Pity found? The Prince of Heav'n refigns his Breath, And pours his Life out on the Ground, To fave us from eternal Death.

III.

In vain our mortal Voices ftrive To speak Compassion so divine; Had we a thousand Lives to give. A thousand Lives should all be thine.

CXLIII. Long Metre.
Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of Christ.

W HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross, On which the Prince of Glory dy'd, My richest Gain I count but Loss, And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, Heav'n, that I should boast, Save in this Love of God's own Son; All the vain Things that charm me most, I'll freely yield as he has done.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet, Sorrow and Love flow mingled down! Did e'er fuch Love and Sorrow meet? Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Prefent far too fmall;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my all.

CXLIV. Long Metre. Glorying in the Cross of Christ.

A T thy Command, our dearest Lord, Here we attend thy dying Feast; The Bread thy broken Body shows, The Wine thy Blood shed for each Guest.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love, And trusts for Life in one that died; We hope for heav'nly Crowns above, From a Redeemer crucify'd.

III

Let the vain World pronounce it Shame, And fling their Scandals on thy Cause; We come to boast our Saviour's Name, And make our Triumphs in his Cross.

With Joy we tell the scoffing Age, He that was dead hath left his Tomb; He lives above their utmost Rage, And we are waiting till he come.

CXLV. Common Metre.
The New Covenant in the Blood of Christ.

1.

\* THE Promise of my Father's Love
Shall stand for ever good,"
He said, and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word, I fet my worthless Name; I feal th' Ingagement to my Lord, And make my humble Claim.

III.

Thy Light, and Strength, and pard ning Grace,
And Glory shall be mine;

My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh, And all my Pow'rs be thine.

IV.

Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name, Who show'd Men such Good-Will,

R 3

And

Bush

And of this Cov'nant of his Love, Soil SVI Made his own Life the Seal.

CXLVI. Long Metre.

The Gospel Feast.

Too HEAT HARD TO THE BOOK

OW rich are thy Provisions, Lord; Thy Table furnish'd from above! The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board, The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love!

Thy antient Family the Jews, Were first invited to the Feast. We humbly take what they refuse, And Gentiles thy Salvation rafte.

From the high-way that leads to Hell, From paths of Darkness and Despair, Lord, we are come with thee to dwell, Glad to injoy thy Presence here.

What shall we pay thy only Son, Who left the Heav'n of his Abode; And to this wretched Earth came down, To bring the Wand'rers back to God?

Our everlafting Love is due and sign staw of To him, whose Death redeem'd the lost; Who pity'd Rebels when he knew The vast Expence his Love would cost.

bitt'd lyies tach Good-

#### the Covinant of his Love CXLVH. Long Metre.

The Memorial of our abjent Lord.

ESUS is gone above the Skies, Where our weak Senses reach him not; And carnal Objects court our Eyes, To thrust our Saviour from our Thought. intentional and Hari

He knows what wand'ring Hearts we have, Apt to forget his wond'rous Grace; And therefore these Memorials gave, 'Till we afcend to fee his Face.

The Lord of Life this Table spread, In Mem'ry of his Death and Love; We on the rich Provision feed, And get a Tafte of Joys above. Jawb Hall IV.

While he is absent from our Sight, 'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place; That we may dwell in heav'nly Light, And live for ever near his Face.

Our Eyes look upward to the Hills, Whence our returning Lord shall come; . We wait his Chariot's awful Wheels, To fetch our longing Spirits home.

Reflect wheater known

flee bloow or R 4 an energy CXLVIII.

### CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Praise to the Father, and to the Son, for - was Myda our Redemption

E T our Tongues be one To praise our God on high, Who from his Bosom sent his Son, To bring us Strangers nigh.

BANTONIA SHAFENDINA SLL Nor let our Voices cease To fing the Saviour's Name; Saviana Jesus, th' Embassador of Peace, and a least How chearfully he came!

Ananta olio in brown side Look up, my Soul, to him, lo was a T Whose Death was thy Desert; And humbly view the living Stream, Flow from his breaking Heart.

There on the curfed Tree, and and the In dying Pangs he lies, who warm aw tend Fulfils his Father's great Decrees, And all our Wants supplies. V. or buy a property and

Rifing he well affures in the panel Our future Life and Joy and and his wow Let the Redeemed in his Praise month of Their Hearts and Tongues imploy.

CXLIX.

# CXLIX. Common Metre. The Characters and Office of the Redeemer.

the rather and to sight ESUS, how precious is thy Name! How bright thy Glories shine! Each facred Charm unites in thee,

Thy Beauties are divine.

Only begotten, well-belov'd, Of thy own Father God;

In thee all Grace and Truth refide, in roll And Love makes its Abode. and gail of

Greatest of Prophets, I admire grand wold Each Doctrine and Command;

And whilst my Soul adores the Grace, soo. To learn thy Will I stand. Whose Death will be and will be a standard of the s IV.

Thou art a Priest, thou gav'st thyself wald A Sacrifice to God;

And haft affur'd all Penitents Of Pardon, by thy Blood. In dying Pangy addies

It is thy Right, my glorious King, half and strike To rule this Heart of mine;

Each base Usurper I renounce, To be intirely thine. Our toque Like and LoyIV

Thy great Example nobly fhines, And strengthens all thy Laws;

My Duty bids me follow thee, The Love most strongly draws:

R 5

CL.

and and and the

# CL. Long Metre.

The Effusion of the Spirit; or, the Success

Ŧ.

REAT was the Day, the Joy was great,
When the divine Disciples met;
Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came,
And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to fave!
Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words,
Instead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the Champions forth, From East to West, from South to North; "Go, and affert your Saviour's Cause; "Go, spread the Doctrine of his Cross."

IV.

Nations, the learn'd and the rude, would be Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd; While Satan rages at his Loss, and hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

O God of Grace, my Heart subdue! Lon A I would be led in Triumph too, A willing Captive to my Lord, and all And sing the Victiries of his Word.

CLI. Common Metre. Sinai and Sion.

किर्मित्रका कि उद्देश हैंद OT to the Terrors of the Lord, The Tempest, Fire, and Smoke, Not to the Thunder of that Word, Which God on Sinai fpoke.

o II.

anivity and

But we are come to Sion's Hill, The City of our God, Where milder Words declare his Will, And spread his Love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable Host Of Angels cloath'd in Light! Behold the Spirits of the Just, Whose Faith is turn'd to Sight! IV.

Behold the bless'd Assembly there, Whose Names are writ in Heav'n! And God, the Judge of all, declare Their vileft Sins forgiv'n.

JULE SCORE OF STARRE

The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead, But one Communion make; All join in Christ, their living Head, And of his Grace partake.

he Saim's above 12m alk ade it laye. In fuch Society as this, My weary Soul would rest; The Man that dwells where Jefus is, Must be for ever bleft.

CLII. .

CLII. Long Metre. Daw bnA.

Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord I read my Duty in thy Word in A But in thy Life the Law appears
Drawn out in living Characters.

Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal, Such Deserence to thy Father's Will, Such Love, and Meekness so divine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air, Witness'd the Fervor of thy Pray'r; The Defart thy Temptations knew, Thy Conslict, and thy Vict'ry too.

Thou art my Pattern, I would bear More of thy gracious Image here; Then God the Judge shall own my Name Amongst the Foll'wers of the Lamb.

The Examples of Christ and his Servants.

GIVE me the Wings of Faith to rife
Within the Veil, and fee some of The Saints above, how great their Joys, and I
How bright their Glories below as H

Once they were mourning here below,

And

And wrestled hard, as we do now, With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

I ask them, whence their Vict'ry came?

They with united Breath,

Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb, as an arms.

Their Triumph to his Death. 100 mws 10

They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod, and His Zeal inspir'd their Breast, and door

And foll'wing their victorious Lord, I doug.
Possess the promis'd Rest. Toland bluow I

Our glorious Leader claims our Praise, blod For his own Pattern giv'n; and blanni W While the long Cloud of Witnesses and The Shew the same Path to Heav'n Rood yat

CLIV. Common Metre.
Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.
I.

I SING my Saviour's wond'rous Death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
"Tis finish'd," said his dying Breath,
And shook the Gates of Hell.

"Tis finish'd," our Redeemer cries,
The dreadful Work is done;
Hence shall his fov'reign Throne arise,
His Kingdom is begun.
III.

His Crofs a fure Foundation laid For Glory and Renown,

When

When thro' the Regions of the Dead He pass'd to reach the Crown.

Exalted at his Father's Side

Good Men from bad his Hands divide,
They punish and Reward.

Are made the Servents ovis

The Saints, from his propitious Eye, and all the Sons of Darkness fly and the Terror of his Frowns.

## CLV. Common Metre, 100

Villory over Death.

J. ST. W. P. O. P. W. TR. L.

I.

OFOR an overcoming Faith,
To chear my dying Hours:
To triumph o'er the Monster Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!

Joyful with all the Strength I have, My quiv'ring Lips should sing,

"Where is thy boafted Vict'ry, Grave?
And where's the Monster's Sting?"

Now to the God of Victory, Immortal Thanks be paid,

Who makes us Conqu'rers while we die, Thro' Christ our living Head. CLVI. Long Metre.

Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.

REAT God, to what a glorious Height Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son! Angels, in all their Robes of Light, Are made the Servants of his Throne.

Before his Feet thy Armies wait, And Shaw A And Swift as Flames of Fire they move, Data To manage his Affairs of State, To Morks of Judgment, and of Love.

His Orders run through all the Hosts, Legions descend at his Command, To shield and guard the British Coast, When foreign Rage invades our Land.

Now they are sent to guide our Feet Up to the Gates of thy Abode, Thro' all the Dangers that we meet In travelling the heav'nly Road.

Lord, when I leave this mortal Ground, And thou shalt bid me rise, and come, Send a beloved Angel down, Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CLVII. Common Metre.
Christ Jesus the Lamb of God.

OME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten

| 376 HY MNICLVIII                                                                                        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, But all their Joys are one,                                    |
| Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry, of HIA To be exalted thus anixoms benefit and any                   |
| For he was flain for us. The William W. III.                                                            |
| Honour and Pow'r divine;                                                                                |
| And Bleffings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ever thine.  IV.                                     |
| Let all that dwell above the Sky, And Air, and Earth, and Seas,                                         |
| And speak thy endless Praise.                                                                           |
| The whole Creation join in one,  To bless the sacred Name,                                              |
| Of him that fits upon the Throne,  And to adore the Lamb. 1900 AMO                                      |
| By Faith and Love Date that I CLVIII. Long Metre with the I consistent and Excitation and Excitation I. |
| WORTHY is he that once was flain mod<br>The Prince of Peace that ground and dy dis M                    |
| Worthy to rife, and live, and reign in and back<br>At his almighty Father's Side.                       |
| Pow'r and Dominion are his due, Wo Wo Who flood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar; and Wisdom                   |
|                                                                                                         |

Wisdom belongs to Jesus too, it bushiom med Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

All Riches are his native Right, I show Wet he fustain'd amazing Lossing Lossing Worthy the Land Might, and who Werthy the Land Might, and who left his Weakness on the Cross.

Honour immortal must be paid, drow as and Instead of Scandal and of Scorn; who would be Made a While Glory shines around his Head, and a bright Crown without a Thorn. I was

Bleffings for ever on the Lamb, Who bore the Curse for wretched Men; on A Let Angels sound his sacred Name, or sugarous And every Creature say—Amen. Amen.

CLIX. Long Metre. O slow sill The Christian's bigh Regard to Christ.

OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast; Then shall we know, and taste, and feel, The Joys that cannot be exprest.

Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength, Make our enlarg'd Souls posses, And learn the height, and breadth and length, Of thy unmeasurable Grace.

III.

Now to the God, whose Pow'r can do, More than our Thoughts or Wishes know, 378 HYMN CLX. CLXI.

Be everlasting Honours done By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

> CLX. Short Metre. Christ Unseen and Beloved.

I o him micribe extend OT with our mortal Eyes Have we beheld the Lord, Yet we rejoice to hear his Name, my month And love him in his Word.

While Glory illing ground. On Earth we want the Sight head bak Of our Redeemer's Face,

Yet, Lord, our inmost Thoughts delight, To dwell upon thy Grace.

And when we talke thy Love, or volate Our Joys divinely grow Unspeakable, like those above, And Heav'n begins below.

CLXI. Common Metre. The Christian not ashamed to own Christ his Lord.

'M not asham'd to own my Lord, Or to defend his Cause, Maintain the Honour of his Word, 11 60102 The Glory of his Cross sous to me M.

Jefus my Lord, I know his Name, we will lo His Name is all my Trust; Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,

Nor let my Hope be loft.

## be everialting Honours que

Firm as his Throne his Promise stands, And he can well secure, What I've committed to his Hands, 'Till the decisive Hour.

#### IV

Then will he own my worthless Name,
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

CLXII. Long Metre: Christ's Compassionate Invitation.

"COME hither all ye weary Souls,
Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly Home."

"They shall find Rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
But Passion rages like a Sea,
And Pride is restless as the Wind."

"Bless'd is the Man whose Shoulders take My Yoke, and bear it with Delight; My Yoke is easy to his Neck, My Grace shall make the Burden light."

Jesus we come at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal;
Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.
CLXIII.

## 380 H Y M N CLXIII. CLXIV.

CLXIII. Short Metre.

Obedience to Christ's Commands.

THE Law by Moses came, Had I But Peace, and Truth, and Love, Were brought by Christ, a nobler Name, A Descending from above.

II.

Amidst the House of God,
Their diff'rent Works were done;
Moses a faithful Servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

Ш.

Then to his new Commands

Be ftrict Obedience paid;

O'er all his Father's House he stands

The Sov'reign and the Head.

The Man that durst despise
The Law that Moses brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous Fault!

But forer Vengeance falls and animal shall On that rebellious Race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls, and heavy And dare resist his Grace.

CLXIV. Long Metre blood 10 Holiness and Grace 100 ms 1 line

S O let our Lips and Lives express The holy Gospel we profess;

So let our Works and Virtues shine. To prove the Doctrine all divine. richard Company

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The Honours of our dying Lord; When the Salvation reigns within, And Grace fubdues the Pow'r of Sin. Descending from about

Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd. Paffion and Envy, Luft and Pride; Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love, Our inward Piety approve. But Christ a latted

Religion bears our Spirits up, While we expect that bleffed Hope, The bright Appearance of our Lord, and And Faith stands leaning on his Word

CLXV. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

AD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler Speech than Angels use, If Love be absent I am found Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell All that is done in Heav'n and Hell; . Or could by Faith the World remove, Still I am nothing without Love.

Should I distribute all my Store To feed the Bowels of the Poor; Or give my Body to the Flame, and the To gain a Martyr's glorious Name: ord of

If Love to God, and Love to Men Be absent, all my Hopes are vain; Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal, The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

## CLXVI. Long Metre.

Love to God and our Neighbour.

HUS faith the first and great Command, " Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite To love thy Maker, and thy God, With utmost Vigour and Delight."

" Then shall thy Neighbour, next in Place, Share thy Affections and Effeeth; And let thy Kindness to thyself Measure and rule thy Love to him."

This is the Sense that Moses spoke; This did the Prophets preach and prove; For want of this the Law is broke, And the whole Law fulfill'd by Love of

But O, how base our Passions are! How cold our Charity and Zeal! Lord, fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire, Or we shall ne'er perform thy William baid

## CLXVII. Long Metre.

Pride and Wrath opposite to the Christian Character. Heldsblum, all han all popular pare v

OT diff'rent Food, or diff'rent Drefs, Compose the Kingdom of our Lord; But Peace and Joy, and Right'ousness, Faith, and Obedience to his Word.

When weaker Christians we despife, We do the Gospel mighty Wrong; For God, the gracious and the wife, Receives the Feeble with the Strong.

Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence, Meekness and Love our Souls pursue: Nor shall our Practice give offence To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

> CLXVIII. Short Metre. The watchful Christian.

E Servants of the Lord, Each in his Office wait, Observant of his heav'nly Word, And watchful at his Gate.

Let all your Lamps be bright, And trim the golden Flame; Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight, For awful is his Name.

#### III.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's Command; And while we speak, he's near; Mark the first signal of his Hand, And ready all appear.

IV.

O happy Servant he,
In fuch a Posture found!
He shall his Lord with Rapture see,
And be with Honour crown'd.

CLXIX. Common Metre.
Christ's Call to Sinners.

I.

OW let the lift'ning World around, In filent Rev'rence hear, While from on high the Saviour's Voice Thus strikes th'attentive Ear.

II.

"To you, O Sons of Men, I call,"
And from my lofty Throne,
Reclin'd in gentle Pity bow
To bring Salvation down."

III.

"Ye thoughtless Sinners, hear my Voice,
Attend my Words and live;
My Words conduct to solid Joys,
And endless Blessings give."

IV.

"Each faithful Minister is sent,
This Message to proclaim;
In ev'ry various Providence
The Language is the same."

#### V

"Forgetful Mortals, yet be wife,
While o'er the Grave ye stand;
Lest long neglected Love provoke
The Vengeance of my Hand."
VI.

"In glad Submission bow ye down,
Nor steal that stubborn Heart;
"Till my inexorable Voice
Pronounce the Word, Depart."

CLXX. Common Metre.

A future Judgment a Restraint on youthful Lusts.

Y E thoughtless Sinners, vain and young,
Indulge your youthful Fire;
Your wanton Eyes, unbridled Tongue,
And ev'ry loose Desire.

II.

Taste all the Pleasures you approve,
And act without Controul;
Range all the Paths of lawless Love,
To feast a sensual Soul.

hen when while right dH Judge first corne,

In trifling Mirth confume the Day,
All ferious Thoughts decline;
And melt the tedious Night away,
In Wantonness and Wine.

Shake off each intermedling Fear,
That would your Lust restrain;
Laugh at the Thought of Danger near,
And count the Terror vain.

DOA

But know, your Judge with piercing Eye Marks all your Sins and Faults; E'er long he'll all your Actions try, And fearch your fecret Thoughts.

# P. A. U. S. E. Blandud baig ni

Nor fleel that fliebolly What Deeds you have in Darkness done, To fhun Reproach and Shame, wood He will expose before the Sun. And to the World proclaim.

How will you bear his wrathful Frown? Or your fad Sentence hear? O let the Thought now melt you down!

To good Advice give Ear.

Renounce each dear and pleafing Vice, Each loofer Air lay by;

Grow ferious, fober, chafte, and wife, And mind the Things on high. It some

Then when your right'ous Judge shall come, In all his Glories dreft.

You may fecurely wait your Doom, And hear him call you bleft.

> Common Metre. The Importance of early Piety.

NDULGENT God, with pitying Eye The Sons of Men furvey,

And

And see how youthful Sinners sport
In a destructive Way!

Ten thousand Dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the Tomb;

Each in an Hour may plunge them down, Where Hope can never come.

Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring Minds,

Amus'd with airy Dreams;

That heav'nly Wisdom may dispel to the Their visionary Schemes.

With holy Caution may they walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
'Till each the Defart safely pass'd,

On Zion's Hill abide.

CLXXII. Common Metre.

Asking the Way to Zion.

INQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way, That leads to Zion's Hill; And thither fet your steady Face, With a determin'd Will.

II.

Your pious March to join;
And spread the Sentiments ye feel
Of Faith and Love divine.

And seek his Favour there;

d

Before

388 HYMN CLXXIII.

Before his Footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent Pray'r.

Come, let us join our Souls to God, In everlasting Bands;

And seize the Blessings he bestows, With eager Hearts and Hands.

Come, let us seal without Delay
The Cov'nant of his Grace;
Nor shall the Years of distant Life
Its Memory efface.

Thus may our rifing Offspring haste
To seek their Father's God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy Path
Their youthful Feet have trod.

CLXXIII. Short Metre.
The Living Sacrifice.

A ND will th'eternal King
So mean a Gift regard?
That Off'ring, Lord, with Joy we bring
Which thy own Hand prepar'd.

We own thy various Claim,
And to thy Altar move,
The willing Victims of thy Grace,
And bound with Cords of Love.
III.

Descend, celestial Fire, The Sacrifice inflame;

control corrig

autolobi En A

HYMN CLXXIV. CLXXV. 389

So shall a grateful Odour rise,
Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CLXXIV. Short Metre.
The Excellency of the Righteous.

I.

O ISRAEL, thou art bleft!
Who may with thee compare?
Thy Excellencies stand confess'd;
How bright thy Glories are!

O God of Israel, hear,
And make this Blis our own!
Make us the Children of thy Care,
The Members of thy Son.

Thus honour'd, thus imploy'd,
By these great Motives sir'd,
Be Paradise on Earth injoy'd,
And brighter Hopes inspir'd.

Thy People, Lord, we love;
Their God our Souls embrace;
So may we find in Worlds above
Among thy Saints a Place.

CLXXV. Common Metre.
The Christian's Vow, or Resolution.

GOD, by whose all-bount'ous Hand,
Thy Israel still is fed,
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage
Hast all our Fathers led.

S 3

So half a swater of Odesir . IL. To thee our humble Vows we raife, To thee address our Pray'r, And in thy kind and faithful Hand Deposite all our Care.

Ш

If thou, thro' each perplexing Path, Wilt be our constant Guide; If thou wilt daily Bread fupply, And Raiment wilt provide,

If thou wilt spread thy Shield around, 'Till these our Wand'rings cease, And at our Father's lov'd Abode Our Souls arrive in Peace.

To thee, as to our Cov'nant God, We'll our whole Selves refign. And count that not our Life alone, But all we have is thine.

> CLXXVI. Common Metre. The Mercy and Grace of God.

REAT is the Lord, his Works of Might I Demand our nobleft Songs; Let his affembled Saints unite Their Harmony of Tongues.

Great is the Mercy of the Lord, He gives his Children Food; And ever mindful of his Word, He makes his Promise good.

III.

His Son the great Redeemer came
To feal his Cov'nant sure;
Holy and reverend is his Name,
His Ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wife
Must with his Fear begin;
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

CLXXVII. Long Metre. The Divine Perfections.

T.

REAT God, thy Glories shall imploy
My holy Fear, my humble Joy!
My Lips, in Songs of Honour, bring
Their Tribute to th'eternal King.

Earth and the Stars, and Worlds unknown, Depend precarious on his Throne; All Nature hangs upon his Word, And Grace and Glory own the Lord.

III.

His fov'reign Pow'r, what Mortal knows? If he command, who dares oppose? With Strength he girds himself around, And treads the Rebels to the Ground.

The Beamings of his piercing Sight Bring dark Hypocrify to Light; Death and Destruction nak'd lie, And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.

S 4

V. .HI

His Mercy, like a boundless Sea, Washes our Load of Guilt away; While his own Son came down and dy'd, To show his Love was on our Side.

O tell me, with a gentle Voice, "Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy Love, I will proclaim
The brightest Honours of thy Name.

CLXXVIII. As the extern Pfalm.
The all glorious God our Father and Friend.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His Throne is built on high;
The Garments he affirmes
Are Light and Majesty:
His Glories shine
With Beams so bright,
No mortal Eye
Can bear the Sight.

The Thunders of his Hand
Keep the wide World in Awe;
His Wrath and Justice stand
To guard his holy Law:

And where his Love
Resolves to bless,
His Truth confirms
And seals the Grace.

Dan discussions

And seals the Grace.

d grand his Chirches w.III while Thro' all his various Works Surprising Wisdom shines, Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell, And breaks their curs'd Designs:

> Strong is his Arm, And shall fulfil His great Decrees, His fov'reign Will.

IV.

And can this mighty King Of glory condescend? And will he write his Name, " My Father, and my Friend?"

I love his Name, I love his Word; Join all my Pow'rs, And praise the Lord.

CLXXIX. Short Metre. God's universal Dominion.

HE Lord, the fov'reign King, Hath fix'd his Throne on high; O'er all the heav'nly World he rules, And all beneath the Sky.

Ye Angels, great in Might, And fwift to do his Will, Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear, Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright Holfs who wait The Orders of their King,

And guard his Churches when they pray, Join in the Praise they fing. IV.

While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew,
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt sing his Graces too.

CLXXX. Common Metre.

Preserving Goodness acknowledged.

I.

HOW are thy Servants bleft, O Lord!
How fure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote, Supported by thy Care,

Through burning Climes I pass'd unhurt, And breath'd in tainted Air.

Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil, Made ev'ry Region please;

The hoary frozen Hills it warm'd, And smooth'd the boist'rous Seas.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think, How with affrighted Eyes, Thou faw'ft the wide extended Deep,

In all its Horrors rife!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face, And Fear in ev'ry Heart;

When

When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on Gulphs, O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord, Thy Mercy fet me free,

Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.

PAUSE.

For though in dreadful Whirles we hung, High on the broken Wave,

I knew thou wer't not flow to hear, Nor impotent to fave.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd, Obedient to thy Will;

The Sea that roar'd at thy Command, At thy Command was still.

IX.

In midst of Dangers, Fears, and Death, Thy Goodness I'll adore;

And praise thee for thy Mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, whilst thou preserv'st my Life, Thy Sacrifice shall be;

And Death, when Death shall be my Doom, Shall join my Soul to thee.

> God our Guardian and Protector. For New-Year's-Day.

GREAT God, we fing that mighty Hand, By which supported still we stand; The The opining Year thy Mercy shews, world That Mercy crowns it, 'till it close. O

By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad. Still are we guarded by our God; M. val By his incessant Bounty fed, and at stand W By his unerring Counfel led. on fuel yM

HIL U

With grateful Hearts the past we own; The future all to us unknown, a decided to ! We to thy guardian Care commit, And peaceful leave before thy Feet. Nor impotented laye, VI

In Scenes exalted or depress'd, Thou art our Joy, and thou our Rest; Thy Goodness all our Hopes shall raise, Ador'd thro' all our changing Days. V. 25W Dodaha O yds 7A

When Death shall interrupt these Songs, And feal in Silence mortal Tongues, abitto the Our Helper God, in whom we truft, In better Worlds our Souls shall boast.

> CLXXXII. Common Metre. On the Waste of past Years. For New-Year's-Day.

EMARK, my Soul, the narrow Bounds Of the revolving Year! How swift the Weeks compleat their Rounds, How short their Months appear! God, rieffing the mighty Hand,

By which forported fill we flund;

Struction this Day the diffeing Sun

So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important Day,
When all that mortal Life hath done,
God's Judgment shall survey.

\* I wal recoin this vital PHE

Yet like an idle Tale we pass
The swift advancing Year;
And study artful Ways t'increase
The Speed of its Career.

Is had a is Life from the Vione

Waken, O God, my trifling Heart

Its great Concern to see;

That I may act the christian Part,

And give the Year to thee.

V.

So shall their Course more grateful roll,
If suture Years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting Soul
To Joy that never dies.

CLXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Possibility of dying this Year.

For New-Year's-Day.

Latin sun den den leue Lete.

OD of my Life, thy constant Care
With Blessings crowns each op'ning Year;
This mortal Life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual Song.

II.

How many precious Souls are fled
To the vast Regions of the Dead,

Since

398 HYMN CLXXXIV.

Since from this Day the changing Sun Thro' his last yearly Period run!

We yet survive, but who can say,
Or thro' the Year, or Month, or Day,
" I will retain this vital Breath,"
Thus far at least in League with Death?

That Breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's Abode;
It holds its Life from thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

V.

To thee our Spirits we resign; Make them and own them still as thine; So shall they rest secure from Fear, Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.

CLXXXIV. Common Metre.

Reflecting on the past Year.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

A ND now, my Soul, another Year
Of my short Life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious Life is done,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing Moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Since

III.

#### is a little bearer.

Awake, my Soul, with utmost Care
Thy true Condition learn,
What are thy Hopes, how fure, how fair,

And what thy chief Concern.

IV.

Now a new Scene of Time begins, Set out therewith for Heav'n; Seek Pardon for thy former Sins, In Christ so freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thyself to God;
And to his Care commend;
And still pursue the heav'nly Road,
Nor doubt a happy End.

CLXXXV. Long Metre.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry.

For an Ordination.

I.

HEN our blest Lord went up on high He captive led Captivity;
And royal Bounty did display,
To grace the Triumph of the Day.

As to his Throne in Pomp he rode, On Men he Offices bestow'd; Marks of Munisicence divine, In which both Might and Mercy shine.

In Order first Apostles came, The highest Rank, the noblest Name;

Next

400 'H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Next them, tho' still of high Degree, Evangelists, and Prophets be.

With like good Will, and kind Intent,
Of meaner Rank, he Teachers sent,
O'er Christian Churches to preside,
And by inspir'd Writings guide:
V.

His Saints to polish and complete,
And fit them for the heavinly State;
To build, by his own pow'rful Word,
His Church, the Body of our Lord.

Lord, we with humble Faith adore
Thy matchless Love, thy saving Pow'r!
And celebrate the Grace of God,
For such rich Gifts on Men bestow'd.

CLXXXVI. Common Metre.

The Duties of a Minister.

For an Ordination.

I.

A ND now all you, who have obtain'd This Office from the Lord;
And are by his Command ordain'd,
To spread his faving Word.

With faithful and unfainting Zeal,
Your facred Trust sulfil;
And with Integrity reveal
Your Master's Mind and Will.

III. III

Act under his observing Eye,
To him your selves commend;
Nor utter in his Name a Lye,
For any fordid End.

IV.

Preach not for worldly Wealth or Gain,
For Honour or for Fame;
But let his Love your Souls constrain,
And raise your Saviour's Name.

To all your Flock just Patterns prove,
And fair Examples give,
Of Faith, of Holiness, and Love,
How they must speak and live.

VI.

Thus when the Arch-Pastor shall appear,
The last important Day,
You shall a Crown of Glory wear,
That never fades away.

CLXXXVII. Common Metre.

On the Death of a Minister.

L

OW let our mourning Hearts revive,
And all our Tears be dry;
Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

What the the Arm of conquiring Death
Does God's own House invade!
What the Prophet and the Priest
Be number'd with the Dead!

III.

#### III.

The aged and the young, The aged and the young,

The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd, And mute th' instructive Tongue.

#### IV.

Th'eternal Shepherd ftill furvives, on the I

His Eye still guides us, and his Voice Still animates our Hearts.

#### V.

"Lo, I am with you, faith the Lord, My Church shall safe abide;

For I will ne'er forfake my own, which I O Whose Souls in me confide."

#### VI.

Thro' ev'ry Scene of Life and Death, This Promise is our Trust;

And this shall be our Children's Song, When we are cold in Dust.

On the Settlement of a Minister.

#### I.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep With constant Care thy humble Sheep; By thee inferior Pastors rise To feed our Souls, and bless our Eyes.

#### II.

To all thy Churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious Heart;
Whose Courage, Watchfulness and Love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

#### III.

Fed by their active tender Care,
Healthful may all thy Sheep appear;
And by their fair Examples led,
The Way to Zion's Pastures tread.

IV

Here hast thou list'ned to our Vows,
And scatter'd Blessings on thy House;
Thy Saints are succour'd, and no more
As Sheep without a Guide deplore.

V.

[Compleatly heal each former Stroke, And bless the Shepherd, and the Flock; Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raise, And own this Tribute of our Praise.]

CLXXXIX. Long Metre.

Humiliation for National Sins. For a Fast-Day in Time of War.

I.

REAT God of Heav'n and Nature rise,
And hear our loud united Cries!
See Britain bow before thy Face,
Thro' all her Coasts, and seek thy Grace!

No Arm of Flesh we make our Trust; Nor Sword, nor Horse, nor Ship we boast; Thine is the Land, and thine the Main, And human Force and Skill is vain.

III.

Our Guilt might draw thy Veng'ance down On ev'ry Shore, on ev'ry Town;
But

Jul

But view us, Lord, with pitying Eye, And lay thy lifted Thunder by!

Forgive the Follies of our Times,
And purge our Land from all its Crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with Grace divine,
Let Princes, Priests, and People shine.
V.

O may no heinous crying Sin,
Thro' all our Camp and Navies reign;
No foul Reproach, to drive from thence
Our furest Glory and Defence!

VI.
So shall our God delight to bless,
And crown our Arms with wide Success;
Our Foes shall dread Jehovah's Sword,

And conqu'ring Britain shout the Lord.

CXC. Common Metre.

Pleading with God for his gracious Appearance in Publick Calamities.

For a Fast-Day.

I.

HEN Abra'm full of facred Awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with an humble fervent Prayer,
For guilty Sodom su'd.

II.

With what Success, what wond'rous Grace,
Was his Petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the Place
Ten right'ous Men were found.

III.

### III:

O could a fingle holy Soul, So rich a Boon obtain!

Good God, and shall a Nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her num'rous Saints may boast;
See their united Pray'rs ascend,
And shall these Pray'rs be lost?

Are not the right'ous dear to thee,

Now as in antient Times?

Or does this finful Land exceed

Gomorrah in its Crimes?

#### VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy Name, Here yet is thy Abode;

Long has thy Presence blest our Land, Forsake us not, O God!

#### VII.

Dread Lord, let not thy Anger burn,
If we thy Suppliants bow;

And fay, 'till thou vouchfafe thy Grace, We will not let thee go.

#### VIII.

O may the People, Priest and King, Thy choicest Blessings share!

And know thee by that glorious Name, "The God that heareth Pray'r."

Heart that right bests are highligh-

huor I sate Los giset W. sate rang CXCI.

CXCI. Long Metre.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance.

SALVATION doth to God belong, His Pow'r and Grace shall be our Song; His Hand hath dealt a secret Blow, And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

Praise to the Lord who bows his Ear, Propitious to his People's Pray'r; And tho' deliv'rance long Delay, Answers in his well-chosen Day.

O may thy Grace our Land ingage, (Rescu'd from sierce tyrannic Rage) The Tribute of its Love to bring To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

Our Temples, guarded from the Flame, Shall eccho thy triumphant Name; And ev'ry peaceful private Home, To thee a Temple shall become.

CXCII. Common Metre. Thanksgiving for Victory.

Z I O N rejoice, and Judah fing,
The Lord affumes his Throne;
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his Glories known.

The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud, From their high Seats are hurl'd;

Teho-

Jehovah rides upon a Cloud,
And thunders thro' the World.

He reigns upon th' eternal Hills,
Distributes mortal Crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
And totter at his Frowns.

IV.

Navies, that rule the Ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his Breath,
And Legions, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Descend to watry Death.

Let Tyrants make no more Pretence
To vex our happy Land,
Jehovah's Name is our Defence,
Our Buckler is his Hand.

Long may the King, our Sov'reign, live,
To rule us by his Word;
And all the Honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.

CXCIII. Long Metre.

Praise to God from Great-Britain.

ATURE, with all her Pow'rs, shall sing God the Creator and the King; Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas, Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

Begin to make his Glories known, Ye Seraphs that fit near his Throne;

Tune

couri

Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound To the Creation's utmost Bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner Frame, Exert your Force, and own his Name; Whilst with our Souls, and with our Voice, We sing his Honours, and our Joys.

IV.

This Northern Ise, our native Land, 2017/2 Lies safe in God th' Almighty's Hand; Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain, and And wear the captivating Chain.

V.

Raise monumental Praises high, and To him that thunders thro' the Sky, And, with an awful Nod or Frown, Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

CXCIV. Common Metre.

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.

For the Fifth of November.

T.

S HOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye British Skies resound the Noise
Beyond the rising Sun.

### MI II

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire, Thee our glad Voices fing,

And join with the celestial Choir, To praise the eternal King.

### III

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules, And on the starry Skies,

Sits smiling at the weak Designs,
Thy envious Foes devise.

### IV.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage, And with an awful Frown,

Flings vast Confusion on their Plots, And shakes their Babel down.

### V.

Their fecret Fires in Caverns lay, And we the Sacrifice,

But gloomy Caverns strove in vain To 'scape all-searching Eyes.

### VI.

In vain the busy Sons of Hell Still new Rebellions try,

Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage, And vex away, and die.

### VII.

Almighty Grace defends our Land From their malicious Pow'r;

Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

.vox. orles of Wonder and of Grane.

# 410 HYMINDEXCV. CXCVI.

CXCV. Long Metre.

Printing vas Dorof sum supposed a light of the Frame difficulty of the plant were great, When Gradinavol Papariti adve not To bear the Pullars of the plate.

PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty Hand, So oft reveal'd, hath sav'd our Land, Hand when united Nations rose, a reward but Hath sham'd and sourged our haughtiest Foes, all a such and source of the hand and such a

While for our Princes they prepare,
In Caverns deep a burning Snare, and in I
He shot from Heav'n a piercing Ray, ill 10/1
And the dark Treach'ry brought to Day, ill
about the last The Heav'n and the barn day and the barn day and the barn day of the barn day of the barn day.

Such great Deliv'rance God hath wrought, And down to us Salvation brought; And still the Care of guardian Heav'n, Secures the Bliss itself hath giv'n.

In thee we trust, almighty Lord, Continu'd Rescue to afford; Still be thy pow'rful Arm made bare, For all thy Servants Hopes are there.

CXCVI. Long Metre.
The Righteens exalted by God.
For the Fifth of November.

To thee we bring our thankful Praise; Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh, Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

II.

# THE YOU N'S EXCVIIM Y H ALL

CXCV. Long Metre.

Her Frame diffolved, her Fears were great, When God a new Supporter gave, of To bear the Pillars of the State.

He from thy Hand received his Crown,
And sware to rule by wholsome Laws: bnA
His Feet shall tread the Oppressor down, shall his Arm defend the right ous Cause.

Let haughty Sinners fink their Pride of MI Nor lift so high their scornful Head; and MI Bur lay their scould Thoughts aside of ban And own the King that God hath made.

Such Honours never come by Chance, but Nor do the Winds Promotion blow and but 'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance, 'Tis God that lays another low.

Now shall the Lord exalt the Just and sold line.

And while he tramples on the Proud, and Iliza.

And lays their Glory in the Dust, and ils sold.

My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.

CXCVII. Long Metre. The great Condescension of God.

And views the Nations from afar,

Let everlasting Praises fly,

And tell how large his Bounties are.

T 2

II.

God, that must stoop to view the Skies, and And bow to see what Angels do, a sail of Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes, is but And bends his Footsteps downwards too.

He over-rules all mortal Things, vd no be: It And manages our mean Affairs of Kings ald but Bestows his Councils and his Cares. ord T

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour broll Before the Mercy of our God proom And He hears us in the mournful Hour seld to Y And helps us bear the heavy Load, that

In vain might lofty Princes try www warm C Such Condescention to perform; that an T For Worms were never rais'd so high and W Above their meanest fellow-Worm.

O could our thankful Hearts devise A Tribute equal to thy Grace! To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise, And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

On Occasion of a dreadful Fire and T

E TERNAL God, our humbl'd Souls
Before thy Presence bow! and buA
With all thy Magazines of Wrath, a should
How terrible art thou hand and month

II

IL

|  | - | - | c | - |   |  |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|--|
|  |   |   |   | и |   |  |
|  |   | ы |   |   |   |  |
|  | а | u |   | и | - |  |

Fan'd by thy Breath whole Sheets of Flame

Do like a Deluge pour we selve wod bank.
Down to dall our Confidence of Wealth or nwoll Lies mouldered in an Hour sid should be selve our selve ou

Led on by thee in horrid Pomp; Destruction rears its Head;

And black'ned Walls, and smoaking Heaps, Thro' all the Streets are spread,

Lord; in the Dust we lay us down, And mourn thy right ous Ire;

Yet bless the Hand of guardian Love, That snatch'd us from the Fire.

O may we view with dauntless Eyes
The last tremendous Day,

When Earth, and Seas, and Stars, and S. In Flames shall melt away!

CXCIX. Long Metre.
The Hand of the Lord upon the Cattle.

THE Creatures, Lord, confess thy Hand, Thro' Earth and Sky, thro' Sea and Land; And all their meanest Orders share Their Maker's Pity, and his Care.

O look from thy exalted Throne, Transland hear our panting Cattle moan! Prone o'er the untaft'd Food they lie, Groan out their Agonies, and die.

T 3

The Harvest bell!

What have these harmless Creatures done, To draw this fore Chastisement down?
'Tis human Guilt for Yeng'ance calls,
And heavy on the Herds it falls.

So, faith the God of Grave.

My Requision balons and su on the From them to us the State balon bound of the Purpose formers of the Purpose formers of the Purpose formers of them.

Prevent the Ruin by thy Grace, and And melt our Hearts to feek thy Face:
Blest Fruit of thy correcting Rod,
To lose our Beasts, and find our God-la vol

And Peace broted your Ways. CV. While .mlsP vilvix and sA. ....

God the Giver of Fruitful Seafons.

ARK the fost falling Snow,
And the diffusive Rain,
To Heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters Earth

Thro' ev'ry Pore,
And calls forth all
Its fecret Store.

II.

Array d'in beaut ous Green ou de D'Alleys The Hills and Valleys Thine; and daily Canada Man and Beatt are fed in 1997 daily at the By Providence divine:

The Harvest bows

What have thefel hants and meblog all done, To draw this fore (5398 spoigos saft) Tis human Guilt forse Yearnot do I' And heavy on the Herds Halls ! ..

So, faith the God of Grace, From them to us tubines abolish the delong Most mighty to effect word was wom bal The Purpose Vintend ingine normaloled Hil Our Cines wold, unaluo Po anoilliM

Shall feel its Powir. Prevent the Ruin unwoh ir and buA And melt bur blessom anollim of ce Blest Fruitrof thy correcting IR och

Joy shall begin your March, and mo alol oT And Peace protect your Ways, While all the Mountains round Eccho melodious Praise:

> The vocal Groves Shall fing the God, And ev'ry Tree lol of XAA Confenting nod. The one EnA

To Heav'n, from whente

CCI. Long Metre Jon earus il

On the Accession of King GEORGE to the British Throne.

For the First of August.

OING, Britons, with triumphant Voices With Shouts of Joy in God rejoice 31 He with propitious Eye look'd on and bal

To see our Sov'reign mount his Throne, va SHIT

At his Approach Imposture fled, M 2iH
Black Treason hung its guilty Head;
But Truth and Right with him sat down H
They fill his Throne, and form his Crown.

Secure we dwell beneath his Shade, but A M Of lawless Wrong no more afraid; and fold A Right, Law, Religion he maintains, bid H And keeps us safe from Racks and Chains.

Let all who his just Caule approved ban And In loyal Shouts express their Love;
And to our God their Tribute paying did Of Praise, on this auspicious Daying and the out of the suspicious Daying the out of the suspicious Daying the output of the output of

For ever let us magnify on and gnilorio now The Pow'r and Grace of God most high, I Who on his King wouchsafes to smile, and Pleas'd to secure and bless our life.

Success in War acknowledged to come from God.

For the Thanksgving Day, appointed

November 29, 1759.

MAY the joyful Voice of Praise Resound from Shore to Shore; And distant Lands, and diff'ring Climes, The God of Hosts adore!

mHolelo signi

But most, ye Britons, laud his Name; wollden His Pow'r, his Goodness own; 10 20 0

| ar i m w com.                                                                                       | 41               |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| For bright, on BRITAIR's favour'd I<br>His Mercy All has those and I<br>Treaton hung its Hully Head | At hic           |
| How tate, before his high rais'd The                                                                | one,             |
| How foon his ready Aid appear'd, And chearful Hope leturn'd I ow lefs. Wrong no north arisid;       | Secure<br>Of law |
| He bid his chosen Chiefs arise, wall                                                                | Rights           |
| With smiling Conquest blest their St. And chased your every Care. onw.                              | Let all          |
| With glad Success your Arms he cro<br>But funk the Oppressor low;                                   | A Brime          |
| Nor circling Seas, nor guarded Tow' Avail'd the trembling Foe. 1911                                 | The Pa           |
| 'Tis God who drives bold Faction far                                                                | Who'd<br>Pleas'd |
| 'Tis he who builds a Nation's Fame,<br>Or pulls her Glory down.<br>VII.                             | Succe/s          |
| O then in Vows, and facred Songs, Ye Britons, grateful join,                                        | Inc. R.          |
| Your Helper is divine.                                                                              | O                |
| Rant Lands, and diffring Climes, God of Hote Hore!                                                  | stom.            |
| off, ye Britons land his Namel S. Pow'r, his Goodhels own a Slice.                                  | But mi           |
| ma.                                                                                                 |                  |

The Raptures Liberty bestows, The eternal Pyriting Still Alle HIDO All from thy boundless Goodness rife The peculiar Bleffings of Great-Britain ascribed From thee, the Zealbool opirit came, For the Thanklgiving-Day, appointed Thanklgiving Day, appointed Thanklgiving Day, appointed The November 29, 1759; gainsb nio Tell to the wond'ring Natibus round, AY, should we search the Globe around, Where can such Happiness be found, As dwells in Britain's favour'd Ine ? W Here Plenty reigns; here Freedom heds or Her choicest Bleffings on our Heads, 21H And bids our bleakest Mountains smile. A Jehovah here hath fix'd III Throne, Here Commerce spreads the wealthy Store That comes from ev'ry foreign Shore; Science and Art their Charms display 300. I Religion gives us, here to raise anadys N Our Voices to our Maker's Praise. As Truth and Conscience point the Way. .IH ders blefs. When FRANCE, from Pride and Envy, plan'd The Ruin of our blifsful Land, Here Vict'ry arm'd her chosen Race; Go forth, my valiant Sons, the faid, Go strike the haughty Gaul with Dread, And triumph in his deep Difgrace. These are thy Gifts, almighty King!

From thee our matchless Blessings spring.
The extended Trade, the fruitful Skies,
The

H. HIDON ACCILL H The Raptures Liberty bestows, Th' eternal Joys the Gospel shews, All from thy boundless Goodness rife. The peculiar Blefings of Gwat-Britain afcribed From thee, the Zeal and Spirit came, That did our Patriot Chiefs inflame: Their Skill, their Courage, all are thine. Our daring Troops with Glory crown'd, Tell to the wond'ring Nations round, The Hand char leads us is divine. YA Where can fuch Hapviness be found, With grateful Hearts, with gladfome Tongues. To God we raife triumphant Songs 3019 and H His Pow'r, his Mercy, we proclaim to 19H At length, we faithless Tyrants, own bala Jehovah here hath fix'd his Throne, And tremble at his awful Name 1000 919H That comes from ev'ry Ilveign Shore; Long as the Moon her Course shall rung

Or Man behold the circling Sun, vig norgila A O ftill may God in BRITAIN reign of inQ Still crown her Armies with Success, I aA With Peace and Joy her Borders bless,

Andrew Tiphis First appeared in A Service heached at the Chapetin long & dethe Westermoter Nov 29 1459 Thanksgroung Day o Which is added a Hymer by A Hiphis THE END. 1459 800 ph 40.

And all her facred Rights maintain. non K.

These are thy Gifts, almighty King From thee our matchless Bleffings fpang The extended Trade, the fruitful Skies,

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المستماد ووالماجع والمستماد والمستماد والمستماد والمستماد والملاجع والمستماد والملاجع والمستماد والملاجع والمستماد والملاجع والمل The state of the s In eternal love the Gowel mens. All from the bound IN Goodnels rife.

## From thee, N Zeal of Spirt came, X, I hat did our l'argior Chiers inflame; Their Stall, dieir Conage, all are thing,

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